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THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR CAB, BY FERGUS HUME.

They stared hypnotically at the chauffeur, whose cold fingers gripped the steering-wheel in the clutch of Death. Mr. Mendle peered into the face of the dead man. "Sir Samuel Embers," he said huskily. "Who can have killed him?"

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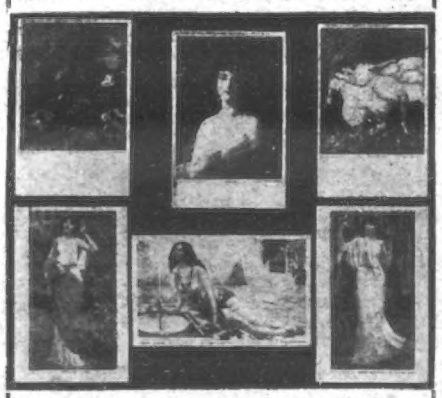

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The mystery of a motor cab.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

WHO KILLED THE CHAUFFEUR?

"DEAD?"

"Quite dead, Sir."

"Impossible! How did he die?"

"The man has been strangled, Sir."

"Strangled? You must be mistaken, officer."

"Look for yourself, Sir. It 's a plain case of murder."

The ominous word rang loudly through the wintry air, for the policeman's voice had unconsciously leaped an octave towards the conclusion of his sentence. Too startled to move, Mr. Lewis Mendle, of 52, Cade Lane, Cheapside, paused on the steps of the large building, wherein was his office, and stared silently at the motor-cab. Behind trembled his old clerk, as horrified as his master, and the tall constable, who stood on the pavement, examined both their white faces in the beam from his bull's-eye. A dull light filtered through the dingy blind of the office on the ground-floor, and a brighter radiance spread from the street-lamps, which illuminated the narrow lane so that the motor-cab was clearly visible, in spite of the dense gloom overhead and around. And the night was extremely dark, even for mid-January, for heavy clouds obscured moon and stars, and snow fell incessantly, the gusty wind beating the flakes hither and thither. The stones of the lane, the roof of the cab, and the clothes of the three men, grew rapidly white, as they stood dumb in the presence of an unexpected and inexplicable tragedy.

As they stared hypnotically at the vehicle, wherein sat the dead man, with his gloved hands on the steering-wheel, twelve strokes boomed sullenly from the bell of St. Paul's Cathedral. The last vibration broke the spell of the unseen.

"I can't believe it," muttered Mendle, stepping towards the cab. "Why should Embers be strangled?" and he peered into the dead face, masked by the turned-up collar of the fur coat, by the motor-goggles, and by the flat cap tilted well over the forehead.

"Embers," echoed the policeman, flashing his light on the figure of the dead; "is that the poor chap's name, Sir?"

Mendle nodded. "Sir Samuel Embers!"

The constable stepped back a pace, aggressively surprised. "Sir Samuel Embers! A gentleman?"

"A broken-down gentleman, who owned the cab and drove the cab."

"But what is he doing here at this late hour, Sir?"

"He came for me," replied the solicitor, still bewildered. "For more than three months he has come here, somewhere about midnight, four or five times a week to drive me home. Oh, it is impossible!" he broke out feverishly. "He can't have been murdered."

"Slip your hand round the neck, Sir."

Mendle did so nervously, and immediately retreated with a shudder. He felt some silken stuff belting the throat tightly, and a thin short stick at the back which had twisted it into a death-knot. When the officer was about to flash the bull's-eye right on to the swollen, blackened face, he flung up a prohibitive hand.

"No, no! I can't bear to look upon such a sight. Poor Embers—what a fate! Who can have killed him?"

"Do you know, Sir?" asked the policeman sharply, for to his prejudiced eye this nervous behaviour looked like guilt. Why should an innocent man fear to gaze on the face of the dead?

"Know!" echoed the lawyer indignantly. "I know nothing. I have been working in my office all the evening, as my clerk can tell you. Only fifteen minutes ago, so far as I can recollect, I heard the cab drive up as usual. That is, to be precise, I heard the horn. And you, Parley?"

The clerk descended the steps,

"I heard both the horn and the sound of the wheels," he said in a quavering, frightened voice. "Sir Samuel must have been alive then."

"How do you know?" questioned the constable quickly.

Parley's meek blue eyes opened widely.

"He couldn't have brought the cab here, if he had been dead," he expostulated.

"No, no!" murmured the officer, "of course not. Well, Mr. Mendle, it 's a queer business, altogether."

"How do you know my name?" asked the solicitor, starting.

The policeman turned his light on to a brass-plate. "Mr. Lewis Mendle, Solicitor, and all the rest of it, ground floor," he said judiciously. "There 's only one office on the ground floor, and it 's the only office that is lighted up."

"Yes! There 's no one in the building but myself and Parley."

"Your name Parley?" asked the policeman, turning to the clerk.

"Yes. Robert Parley. Mr. Mendle and myself have been working at a case in which Sir Samuel is the plaintiff."

"*Was* the plaintiff, you mean," said the officer meaningly. "Humph, and Sir Samuel is dead. Strange."

"Now what do you mean by that?" asked Mendle hotly.

"Least said, soonest mended," retorted the other with a shrug of his big shoulders. "Anything you say—anything either of you say, will be used in evidence against you. So now you 're both warned."

"Oh!" Mendle, a small, dried-up, highly-strung man, exploded with rage. "How dare you bring such an accusation?"

"I don't make any accusation," said the constable, stolidly; "but there 's a dead man, in a motor-cab, at your door, and you know all about him."

"I don't know who killed him, you fool."

"Calling names won't better your case, Sir. Circumstances are highly suspicious. And here comes my mate in the nick of time. Don't you try to run away, Sir, or you, Robert Parley."

"Constable," said Mendle, in a voice tremulous with anger, "the English law presumes a man's innocence until he is proved guilty. I know no more than you do who has murdered the man or why he should be murdered. I 'll lodge a complaint with your inspector for this."

"He 'll be here soon, Sir, and then you can say what you like. But duty is duty, and mine is to keep you both under my eye until the mystery of this death is cleared up."

Mendle shrugged his spare shoulders and walked up the steps.

"You will find both myself and my clerk in the office," he said in an acid tone, "and both of us quite ready to answer questions when asked by the proper authority. Dogberry must be humoured."

"Dogberry!" echoed the policeman, when Mendle and his clerk retreated within doors. "Another person, I expect. There 's three of them in this business, and the victim is a baronet or a knight. Bill, here 's glory and promotion for us both, if we work the case properly."

"What are you talking about, Herbert?" said Bill, now within speaking distance, "and what are you doing with that motor-car?"

"Motor-cab, Bill—motor-cab."

"It 's only the difference of a letter, Herbert," said the newcomer philosophically. "What 's the matter with the cab? Broke down?"

"The chaffer has, William: he 's broken down altogether. It 's a case of murder by strangling, and the coves as know about it are in that office."

"Ho!" grunted William, not to be moved from his official calm. "Did you see them strangling the chaffer?"

"No, William Simonds, I didn't, or I 'd have blown my whistle for assistance. But—what 's the time?"

Simonds drew out a Waterbury, and raised his lantern. "Ten minutes after twelve o'clock," he said heavily.

"Then I found this chap dead fifteen minutes ago. One of the coves in there"—he jerked his thumb towards the lighted windows—"said that he heard the cab drive up fifteen minutes ago. That would make it twenty minutes to twelve when the chaffer was scragged."

"No, it wouldn't," contradicted William stolidly. "You must have found him dead when the cab drove to the door."

"Rot! William. How could a dead man drive? The cove inside meant as he heard the horn fifteen minutes before I arrived. As I came at five to twelve that would make it, with another fifteen minutes, twenty minutes in all—twenty minutes to twelve, William Simonds."

Simonds scratched his head, as the figures bewildered him,

"I 'd best go for the Inspector," he remarked. "You stop here, Jennings."

"I 'm going to, William Simonds. D'ye think I don't know my duty? I 've got to watch this cab and this corpse, and them two garrotters inside that office."

William paused in his heavy-footed stride. "You always jump before you look, Herbert Jennings," he said pityingly. "How do you know, as the two inside murdered this chaffer, when you didn't see them on the job?"

"Never you mind, Will. There 's a young lady as we both pays attention to will be pleased when she finds I 'm made a sergeant over this."

"You ain't got promotion yet, Jennings; and from the silly way you talk you never will be."

"Jealous," said Herbert scornfully, when his comrade departed to bring assistance, "and all on account of Matilda. He 's got no chance—not him! Sergeant Jennings is the white boy there." And, puffing out his chest, he struck himself a proud blow, already feeling himself placed in authority over his rival.

MISS BELINDA GERSON.

INSPECTOR HAKE.

Afterwards, to obtain all necessary evidence for the Inspector, and, to while away the time, he re-examined the dead. The chauffeur proved to be a frail-looking young man, with a weak chin and an aristocratic nose. He was clean-shaven, save for a small golden moustache, and his hair was of a somewhat darker shade. Moustache and hair were so carefully trimmed and brushed and oiled that Mr. Jennings guessed that the dead man had been careful of his appearance when alive. While from the sable-lined overcoat, the smart tweed suit underneath, the clean look of the linen, and the presence of somewhat expensive jewellery, it would seem that the chauffeur had been somewhat of a dandy.

"As a baronet or knight should be," muttered the sapient Mr. Jennings; and continued his examination.

He flashed his powerful light through the window of the cab, and saw that the interior was empty. Then he examined the front seat, and found on the floor a large waterproof envelope, brief size, which had been closed and sealed with a crest. But the seals had been broken, and the envelope had been roughly torn open, evidently by a man in a hurry. Jennings nodded, and argued to himself. "There ain't anything in this envelope," he thought, "but there was some time ago. What was in it was of value, else why the seals? I see it all now. The assassin strangled the baronet, or knight, for what was in this envelope, and tore it open on the cab, so as to make sure that what he wanted was inside. In his hurry he ripped the envelope unmercifully, almost tearing away the seals, and dropped it on the front floor of the cab when he bolted. But why should this envelope be waterproof? That 's what I want to know."

He could find no answer to this. The envelope certainly was waterproof, as the strong linen paper was lined inside with thin gutta-percha, and considerable force must have been exercised to open so tough a covering. But a man powerful enough to strangle the chauffeur would find no difficulty in tearing the envelope.

"He must have wanted what was in it, badly," commented Mr. Jennings, "and from the reckless way he tore it, must have been in a powerful hurry. Oh, I daresay. To kill a man in a public cab, and in the middle of London, with me and my mates on our beats. What cheek."

It did not strike Jennings that the very safety of the assassin lay in the publicity of the act. The City is not populous at night, although crowded during the day. A motor-cab, being now so common an object, would not attract very much attention. Therefore if the assassin had been seated by the driver, and the driver had worn a silk scarf to keep out the cold, it would not have been very difficult for the murderer to have tightened the scarf, before the victim could utter a cry. He could have choked the chauffeur into insensibility with strong hands, and then could have easily completed the job by twisting in the silk the thin short piece of wood. And if the chauffeur had been taken unawares—as was certainly the case—the assassin's quick act would not have been seen, had he accomplished his purpose, while the cab was driving down a dark street—it might be this very lane. Again, the cab might have halted, and the deed might have been done then.

Jennings found that the scarf round the dead man's neck—which he was careful not to disturb until the doctor examined it—was of tri-coloured silk, red, white, and blue, and that the stick used to tighten it was an ordinary cedar pencil of no great length. Sir Samuel did not look like a strong man, as his body was frail and his face was thin, so the murder was not difficult to accomplish, as might have been imagined. All the same, it was wonderful to think that a man could have been killed so silently and expeditiously in the centre of the world-Metropolis. The assassin must have been a man of nerve and of strength and of resource. When he had learned all that he could learn from this examination, Mr. Jennings began to revise his opinion as to the guilt of Mendle and his clerk. Neither one of them looked strong enough, or cool enough, to carry out so deliberate and calculated a crime.

"He 's pretty chilly," murmured the policeman, slipping his hand into the dead man's breast and feeling the bare skin over the heart. "I wonder if he was murdered before he got to this place? What a row there will be over this. Ho! The Mystery of a Hansom Cab! I read a book about that once. It's a motor-cab this time, and up to date."

At this moment the Inspector arrived with two or three policemen, and to him Jennings detailed all that he had discovered. His superior officer listened in silence, and examined the cab himself in a perfunctory manner, since there was no need in the meantime to be very punctilious. The first thing to do was to have the corpse examined by a doctor, and one was already notified. Inspector Hake directed that the body should be taken into the office of Mr. Mendle, and then, after glancing at the waterproof envelope handed over by Jennings, he waited for a complete report of the discovery. The constable cleared his throat importantly.

"I was on my beat, Sir," he said, standing to attention, "and came up Cade Lane about five minutes to twelve o'clock, and——"

"From what direction?" interrupted Hake sharply.

"Down from Cheapside, Sir."

"Hum! Didn't you see the cab drive down Cheapside?"

"No, Sir. And you will see, Sir, that the back of the cab faces Manners Street, at the bottom of Cade Lane."

Hake nodded. "Quite so; and the lane is too narrow for the cab to turn. The man must have driven round by Manners Street."

"If he drove at all, Sir," said Jennings, bursting to air his theories. "In my opinion, the chaffer was dead before the cab stopped in front of this office."

"Go on with your report," said the Inspector coldly.

"I walked up this lane," said Jennings, rather abashed, "and saw the cab at the door. I passed the time of night to the chaffer, and he didn't answer. I mentioned something about his being sulky, and turned the light on him to see what sort of a face he had. To do that I came near, Sir, and then—well, Sir, it came to me in a flash that he was dead. I found that he had been strangled, because his poor face was black, as you have seen, Sir, and then I knocked at the door of this building, on seeing a light on the ground-floor."

"Whose office is it?"

"A lawyer's, Sir — Mr. Lewis Mendle. When I knocked, he came out with his hat and gloves on, saying that he expected the cab to take him home. Then I said that the chaffer was dead, and Mr. Mendle got nervous-like, saying he could not understand."

"Does he know the chauffeur's name?" asked the Inspector. "Ah, yes, of course he would. But, no—he might have sent for the cab."

"Mr. Mendle does know the chaffer's name, Sir, seeing that he 's drove him home for months. It 's Sir Samuel Embers."

"Embers," Hake repeated, with a start. "Sir Samuel Embers. Why, I know——" He checked himself, and walked up the steps into the office. "Guard the cab, but don't touch anything," he said to Jennings and the other two officers.

MR. LEWIS MENDLE.

Mendle met the inspector at the inside door, looking agitated. "I can't understand this horrible thing," he said in a broken voice.

"Nor can I—as yet," Hake answered drily. "You know the chauffeur?"

"Yes; Sir Samuel Embers. He is a client of mine. You may have heard of him, Mr. Inspector."

Hake nodded. "He came into a lot of money three years ago, and ran through it all. Finally, when he dropped the lot, he took to driving a motor-cab."

"More out of bravado than for any other reason, Inspector. I was trying to get some of his money back for him. Even this very night I was employed with my clerk in looking over some papers. I heard the cab's horn, as usual, and put away my papers. When I was ready to go, I heard a furious knocking, and went out to find that policeman, who told me that Sir Samuel was dead."

"And you don't know——"

"I know nothing," interrupted Mendle decisively.

"Have you seen the body?"

"On the cab—in the light of that policeman's lantern."

"Come inside with me, and look again. It is necessary that you should identify the body."

"That is easy," protested the solicitor. "Embers, poor fellow, has driven me to and from Kensington very often."

"Oh, I don't question the man's identity," said Hake easily; "but it is, as I say, necessary for you to give evidence that the corpse is that of Sir Samuel Embers."

Mendle shuddered, and only preserved his calmness by a powerful effort.

"I am all nerves," he declared, shivering. "Of course, I must look on that dead face in the light: but I 'll never be able to forget it again. Ugh! what an ordeal."

Hake glanced at his pinched, lean face, and considered his agitated manner. In both Jennings had discerned guilt; but the Inspector, wiser from experience, knew that if this man were guilty, he would be more self-controlled. His very failure to appear indifferent, proved that he was absolutely innocent.

The offices of Mr. Mendle were divided into three rooms. In the front one, looking out into the lane, sat Parley and two junior clerks, the latter now absent. The middle room was sparsely furnished with a dining-room table and several chairs, and here clients waited for interviews with the solicitor. The third room—which looked out on to a yard—was the sanctum of Mendle, and was furnished with a large desk, one or two chairs, a safe, and some law-books in a dingy case. Here

ARTHUR GERSON.

MR. PARLEY, MENDLE'S CLERK

and there were piles of japanned tin deed-boxes thrust into iron frames. It was in the middle room, on the dining-room table, cleared of all books and magazines and papers, that the corpse of the unfortunate chauffeur had been laid out. The doctor had completed his examination, and Hake interrogated him by a look. The medical man nodded.

"Murder by strangulation, sure enough," he said confidently. "It is half-past twelve now. The man has been dead an hour and a half."

"Then he was murdered at eleven," said Hake. "Sir Samuel——"

A cry broke from Mendle. "It is not Sir Samuel!" he shrieked. "It is—it is—oh!" He broke off sobbing, "My poor boy—my poor boy!"

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

It was difficult to startle Inspector Hake, as experience had inured him to the unexpected; but the denial of Mendle that the corpse was that of Sir Samuel Embers, and the grief into which true recognition of the dead had plunged him, made the officer stagger. "You told me that Sir Samuel drove the cab," he said gruffly.

"So I did; so I did," cried Mendle, who was on his knees by the table, and entirely shaken out of all self-control. "Why should I have told you otherwise? Embers came nightly with the cab; I merely caught a glimpse of his face in the light of the bull's-eye. Embers is also fair, like my boy; and the cap, the coat, the spectacles—how could I recognise him until I saw his poor face in this light?"

"Who is the dead man, Mr. Mendle? Control yourself."

The lawyer arose with a sigh. "It is easy saying that," he remarked bitterly; "and me with nerves which rack me with physical and mental pain! It was terrible enough when I believed the dead to be my client—but now—oh! what will Belinda say?" And he stared fixedly at the discoloured face, at the bare chest, and at the huddle of clothes which clothed the nerveless figure on the table. The corpse looked like a limp doll out of which the saw-dust had run.

"Who is it?" repeated Hake impatiently.

"Arthur Gerson," said Mendle. And the name seemed to be wrung reluctantly from his tongue. "Belinda's brother. What will she say? And Harriet—she loved him so!"

"Who is Arthur Gerson?" asked Hake quickly. The whole scene puzzled him greatly, as he could not understand why Mendle's nerve should have given way so completely.

"My ward, Mr. Inspector. The son of the last owner of this office, to whom I was articled. He left me in charge of his children, and now I find that Arthur is dead."

"Is murdered," muttered the doctor.

"Yes." Mendle's face grew fierce, and he looked round furiously. "Who killed him? Why was the poor boy done to death? Parley! Parley!" He rushed into the outer room, where the old clerk was waiting to go, with his hat and coat on, and his stick in his hands. "What do you know of this? Arthur Gerson is murdered."

"Mr. Mendle!" Parley rose, in consternation. "You have lost your senses, Sir. It is Sir Samuel Embers who——"

"So I thought—so I thought." Mendle beat his breast. "I have just discovered the truth. Arthur drove the cab—Arthur has been strangled. Parley, Parley, did you not see——"

"I saw nothing, Sir," quavered the old man, on whom the excited demeanour of his master was having a great effect. "They brought the body into the middle room, and made me stop here until the doctor examined it. But you said that Sir Samuel——"

Photo. Bolak.

LIEUTENANT GUY HART, THE VICTIM OF THE EXPLOSION.

"Yes, yes! How could I see Arthur's dead face in the darkness, with that heavy coat and the cap and the spectacles? But now, I recognise him. It is my poor boy. Great heavens, why did he drive the cab? Where is Embers? Who killed him? Oh!" He clutched at his breast and turned white. "Belinda will blame me, and—and—" He uttered a guttural sound and slipped quietly on to the floor in a dead faint.

"What do you make of this?" asked Hake, when the doctor came from the middle room to kneel beside the insensible man. "Is it guilt, Morley?"

Dr. Morley shook his head. "No man would be such a fool as to give himself away in this manner, if guilty."

Hake nodded with satisfaction. "So I think. A man capable of committing so bold and clever a crime would be thoroughly prepared to face the music. The dead man is his ward! Hum! I don't see what motive the guardian could have to kill the boy."

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said Parley humbly, "but Mr. Mendle was very patient with Mr. Arthur, who was—saving your presence—a bad lot."

"How do you know?" asked Hake sharply.

"I was head clerk to the late Mr. Gerson," said Parley, who had a large, mild, white face, like a full moon, and meek, blue eyes, "and afterward I became clerk to Mr. Mendle, who was articled to the late Mr. Gerson. I know Miss Belinda and Mr. Arthur very well. She is a charming young lady; but Mr. Arthur was wild and ungrateful to Mr. Mendle, and he was mad at times—quite mad, Sir."

"In what way?"

"He tried twice to kill Mr. Mendle, Sir, although Mr. Mendle was always kind to him. He shot at him once and wounded him in the arm; and once he tried to poison him by putting arsenic in the water-bottle which is in Mr. Mendle's private room. Mr. Mendle, Sir, is very highly strung, and very nervous. He went in fear of his life with Mr. Arthur."

Hake looked at the sheep-like face of the old man with a piercing stare. "Are you trying to supply a motive for the commission of the crime by Mr. Mendle?" he asked incisively.

"Me, Sir! no, Sir!" said Parley, with mild surprise. "Mr. Mendle had no ill-will towards Mr. Arthur, as he thought that he was not quite responsible for his acts. Besides, Mr. Mendle is in love with Miss Belinda, who is Arthur's sister, and wants to marry her. If Mr. Mendle had killed Mr. Arthur, that would stop such a marriage."

"Hum!" The Inspector pinched his chin. "Where was Mr. Mendle all this evening?"

"In his own room, Sir. For some months past Mr. Mendle and I have been working overtime. For this last two weeks we have been searching through the family papers of Sir Samuel Embers to see about some money which he may get. On the way home, Mr. Mendle and Sir Samuel used to talk of the case. But to-night the policeman told us that Sir Samuel was dead."

"No, he didn't," contradicted the doctor sharply.

"He said that the chaffer was dead, Sir, which comes to the same thing, you see. I thought it was Sir Samuel, since the cab belongs to him and he has come here regularly. But that it should be Mr. Arthur——"

"Come here." Hake beckoned Parley into the middle room, while the doctor revived Mendle with smelling-salts and brandy. "Is that Mr. Arthur Gerson?"

"Yes, Sir—yes," said Parley, looking sadly at the corpse. "He was always very cruel to me, was Mr. Arthur. Selfish and wicked, he never thought of anyone but himself. I'm sorry that he has been cut off in his sin, and——"

"There, there!" interrupted the Inspector, rather disgusted. "The man is dead; say no more ill of him than you can help. Mr. Mendle was in all the evening, you say?"

"From eight o'clock until midnight, when the policeman knocked."

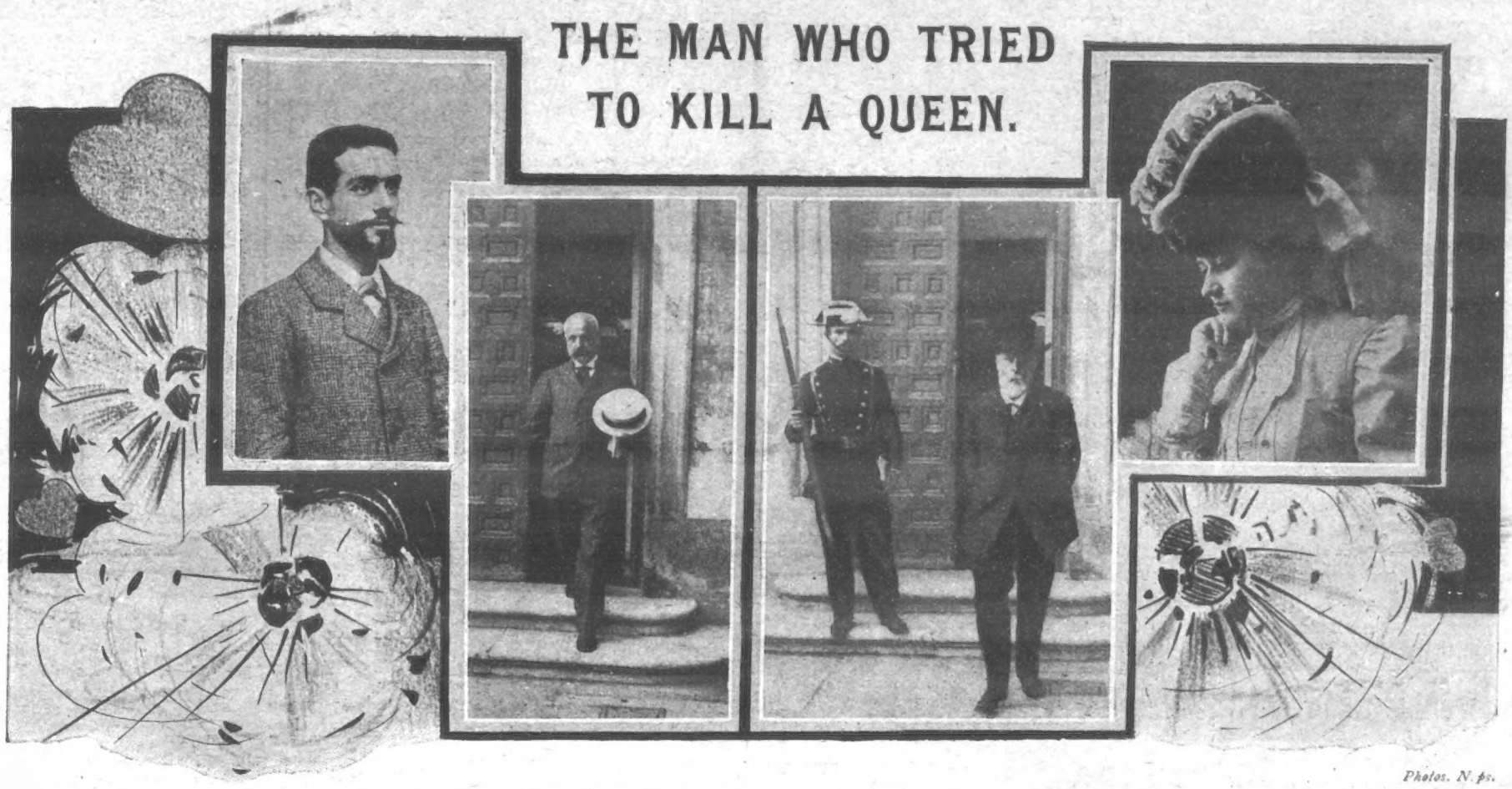
"You can swear to that?"

THE FATAL EXPLOSION ON SUBMARINE "C 8."

Photo. Cribb.

Through a gasoline explosion on submarine "C 8" in Portsmouth Harbour last week, Lieutenant Guy Hart, the vessel's young commander, met with his death, and two of the crew were injured. The "C 8," which was recently delivered from Barrow, was taken to the upper reaches of the harbour, on the Gosport shore, for a machinery trial. The trial was in progress, and Lieutenant Hart was standing watching the engines, when there was a loud explosion, and the lieutenant was flung headlong into the crank-pit among the working machinery. The engines were at once stopped, and the young officer, terribly injured, was extricated. He was conveyed without delay in a boat to Haslar Hospital, where he died within a few minutes of admission. The vessel was very little damaged. The explosion is attributed to gasoline leaking into the crank-pit and accumulating there. The two men of the crew who were injured are Engine-room Artificer Thomas O'Connor and First-class Stoker James P. Foster. Inset is a photograph of the "C 8."

THE MAN WHO TRIED TO KILL A QUEEN.



Photos. N. ps.

Judgment was delivered last week in the case of the men accused of participation in the attempt on the lives of the King and Queen of Spain in Madrid last summer. Nackens, Mata, and Ibarra were sentenced to nine years' imprisonment; while Ferrer, Mayoral, Martinez and his wife were acquitted. Our photos show: 1. Mateo Morral, who threw the bomb and afterwards committed suicide. 2. Ferrer, a millionaire, who was alleged to have financially assisted the Anarchists. 3. Nackens, a journalist, accused of seditious writings; and 4. Morral's sweetheart, who gave evidence.

Photo. Illustrated London News.

THE MADRID OUTRAGE.

This photograph was taken at the exact moment that the bomb was thrown at the young King of Spain and his bride as they were driving through the streets of Madrid after the wedding ceremony, and is believed to be unique.

"Yes, Sir. I was working in the outer room."

Hake walked into the sanctum of the lawyer and pointed to a door on the left. "Where does that lead to?" he asked.

"Into the passage," said Parley promptly; "but Mr. Mendle never went out of that to-night. I should have heard him, in the first place; and, in the second, I should have seen him through the front window, which looks out on to the lane."

"Hum!" Inspector Hake caressed his chin softly. "You are fond of Mr. Mendle?" he asked keenly.

"I am, Sir," said Parley, with dignity. "He has been a good friend to me and my daughter Ellen. You seem to think, Sir, that Mr. Mendle is guilty, and that I am trying to shield him?"

"Yes and no, Mr. Parley. But I have to get at the truth of this case, you know, and must try in every direction. All possible motives——"

Parley interrupted. "Mr. Mendle could have had no motive, Sir. On the contrary, by the death of Mr. Arthur he loses five thousand a year."

"Oh, the deuce!" cried Hake, startled out of his official composure. "How is that?"

The answer did not come immediately, for from the middle room entered Mendle, looking ghastly pale and rather weak. However, he had overcome his nerves for the time being, and sank into his chair before the desk with a sigh.

"I am all broken up," he said. "What is to be done now, Mr. Inspector?"

Hake signed that Parley should leave the room, and, after closing the door, he sat down near the lawyer. "Tell me everything you know," he said in a friendly tone. "What do you make of all this?" Mendle passed a thin hand over his brow, from which the hair had retreated considerably. He looked like a dwarf of forty, with his worn face and mean, attenuated figure. Clean-shaven, with a long upper lip and a rabbit mouth, he was not handsome, and dressed in black clothes with a black tie, he looked somewhat like an undertaker. His lank dark hair was sparse, and he wore it rather long at the back. The only good feature he possessed were his eyes, and these, large, dark, and melancholy, gave him a foreign look. And, indeed, his skin was as swart as that of a Spaniard. Not a prepossessing man by any means, with his dwarfish looks and wizen face. He had not even that virility which appeals to a woman very often, in spite of other disqualifications. Hake caught himself wondering what kind of girl Belinda Gerson could be to consider so stunted a suitor. She must be, he thought, less hard to please than the generality of her sex.

"I don't know what to make of it, Mr. Inspector," said the little man wearily; "It is strange to me that Arthur should have driven that cab. He never did so before."

"Could Arthur Gerson drive a motor?" asked Hake.

"Oh yes. He was friendly with Sir Samuel, who taught him how to drive."

"Hum. Then being friendly with Sir Samuel, he could easily obtain a loan of the motor-cab?"

Mendle shook his head. "Sir Samuel knew that Arthur was a reckless driver, and would not have risked that. It would mean the loss of his license if there was an accident."

"Quite so," assented Hake, nodding. "but what has happened is worse than an accident. Do you think that Sir Samuel knows anything of this murder?"

"I can't say," faltered the lawyer, but I would stake my life that Sir Samuel would not kill a fly. Besides, Arthur wanted Sir Samuel to marry Belinda, and, therefore, there would be no motive for Embers to kill the poor lad."

"Hum," said Hake, looking keenly at the solicitor. "Parley tells me that you also wish to marry Miss Gerson."

"I do," assented Mendle with great dignity, "but that is wholly a private matter, Mr. Inspector."

Hake nodded. "Yes, it is," he remarked with some dryness, "but in connection with such a crime as murder, everything private may have to be made public."

"Does that mean, Mr. Inspector, that you suspect me?"

"Well, no," drawled Hake, rather taken aback by this very direct speech, "but we have to exhaust all means to get at the truth, you see, Mr. Mendle. Now a fool"—Hake laid great emphasis on the word—"might think that a sufficient alibi would be provided by the fact that his clerk was in the outer office and he in the inner all the evening; not remembering, perhaps, that the inner room had an extra door."

Mendle rose. "Try that door, Mr. Inspector," he said quietly.

Hake did so, and found it locked.

"The key?" he questioned.

Mendle called Parley into the room. "The Inspector wants to go out by this door," he said, pointing towards the wall.

Parley pulled a key out of his pocket and unlocked the door. "Hum!" said Hake, "you have the key of that door?"

"Yes, Sir," quavered the old clerk. "The door is never used. Mr. Mendle always comes through the outer office."

"Quite so. How long have you had that key?"

"For months—for nine months."

"And it was in your pocket all the evening?"

"Yes, Sir; all the evening."

"And Mr. Mendle never went out through your room early in the evening?"

"No, Sir. I told you that Mr. Mendle and myself were working from eight o'clock, until the policeman knocked."

"That will do." Hake signed that Parley should go out. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Mendle. When did you hear the cab drive up?"

"I heard the horn sound fifteen minutes before the policeman knocked."

"Hum! That would be about twenty minutes to twelve?"

"I think so, since midnight sounded shortly after the policeman had spoken a few words."

"Hum! And the cab came from the Manners Street direction. Doctor!"

Morley entered briskly. "Yes, Inspector. What is it now?"

"You say that the man has been dead an hour and a half?"

The doctor brought out his watch. "Longer than that now," he said calmly, "since it is getting near one. I should say that the man was killed at eleven."

"You are certain?"

"So far as my medical knowledge extends I am certain," said Morley in his driest manner. He did not like his authority to be questioned.

"Thank you. Tell one of the men to bring the officer on the Manners Street beat here, if you will be so kind. Now then, Mr. Mendle," he added when Morley departed with a shrug. "I hear that you lose five thousand a year by the death of Arthur Gerson."

"Who told you that?" asked Mendle quietly.

"Your clerk, Mr. Parley."

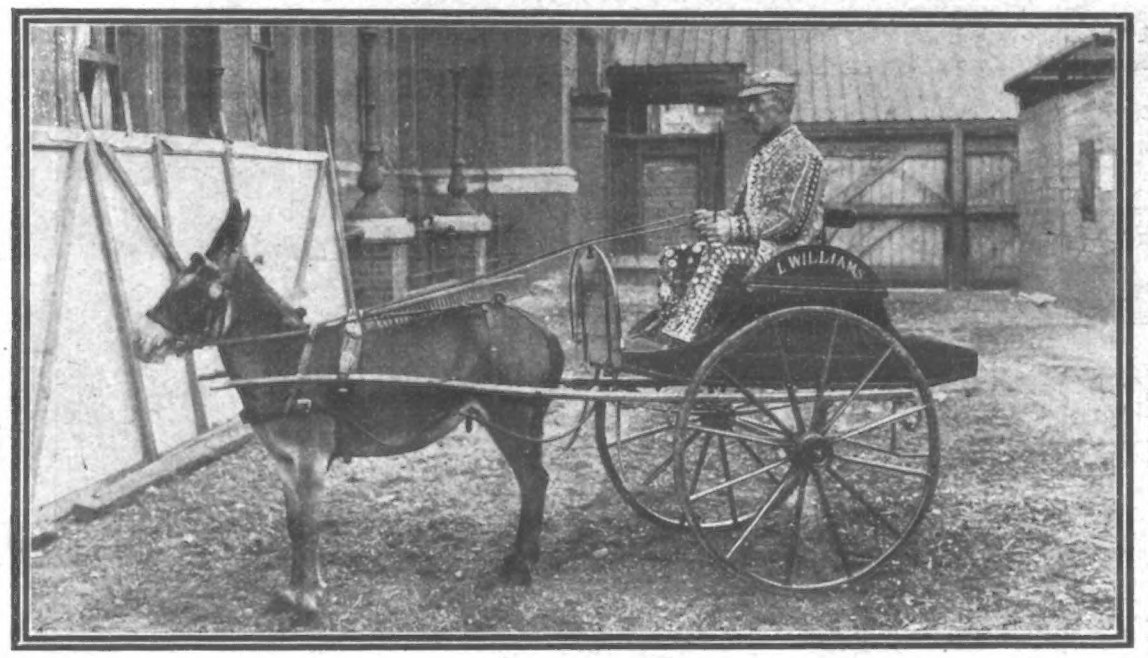
"He has no right to speak of my private affairs."

"I think it is just as well in this case," said Hake pointedly. "I wish to exonerate you from all complicity in this crime."

"Ah!" Mendle laughed bitterly, "because I am unnerved by the sight of Arthur's dead body you at once suspect me. And pray, how could I commit the crime, when I have been in this room all the evening? You saw that Parley had the key of that door, and to go out, I should have had to leave by the room he sat in. You heard what he said: It seems to me, Mr. Inspector, that you believe that I and old Parley between us killed that unfortunate boy."

"No," said Hake decisively, "I do not. Were you guilty, you would not have given yourself away. But whatever I may believe the public may think differently, when the inquest is held. For your own sake I wish to place your innocence beyond all shadow of doubt. Now, will you be frank about what you call your private affairs?"

This exciting and fascinating serial will be continued next week. "Who killed the Chauffeur?"



THE PEARLY KING AND HIS PRIZE MOKE.

Leon Williams, known in his neighbourhood as the "Pearly King," is depicted in our photo. as he appeared at the International Horse Show at Olympia.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

WE have had some stirring cricket of late. Following on Northampton's record low score of 12 runs in county cricket came a match at Southampton full of records. Hampshire got the South Africans out for 82—the lowest total of the tour; then Shalders made 105 for the Africans, and Llewellyn 61 for the county, which were respectively the highest for and against the Colonial team, while Shalders and Sherwell supplied the highest score, so far, for a first wicket partnership of our visitors. On Monday M. Hathorn went one better than Shalders, for he compiled 117 against Warwickshire. It has been amply demonstrated that there is no "tail" to the Africans' batting, and the first Test Match—due to commence at Lord's on July 1—will be looked forward to with great interest.

Luckily we have had a spell of fine weather, and with improved wickets have come a batch of good scores. Yet one cannot help thinking that the winning of the county championship this year will be largely influenced by the results in the first six weeks of the season. This remark is not intended to smudge the records of Notts and Middlesex, both of which counties possessed an unbeaten record at the beginning of that week.

Notts in particular have done well, and last week-end they gained a nine-wicket victory over Sussex. Up to that time the Trent Bridge club had played eight matches and won seven of them, the other being drawn. This is a record good enough for any county, and I am of opinion that most people who love cricket would not be inclined to grudge them the chief honours. Notts have played such a great part in cricket that they are sure to be a force so long as they are a county, for they rear cricketers in their locality.

Anything can happen in sport, and it may seem a trifle hazardous to imagine what would happen in any particular case. However, I take the risk of saying that Middlesex would probably have beaten Yorkshire but for the rain which fell so copiously on Saturday. When it was seen that play was hopeless and the game abandoned, Middlesex had a lead of 138 runs, with only two wickets down, and Yorkshire could hardly have had a chance of winning.

Worcestershire are surprising even their most ardent admirers by the fine show they are making in the championship contest. True, they have a modest programme, but that is only so far as the number of matches is concerned. At the time of writing they have won four out of six engagements, and they stand third on the list with a percentage of 60. This is very encouraging to supporters of the county of the Foleys and the Fosters, and their success should spur them on to something even better. Bowley played a great game for exactly 100 against Lancashire on Monday.

Kent have quite fallen from their high estate, and I scarcely know what to make of their recent form. They have practically the same players who brought them to the top with such brilliance last season. Still, up to last week-end they had lost a couple of matches, and have been relegated to fourth place as a consequence. Surrey were badly beaten by Lancashire last week, and they, too, have failed to fulfil their early promise.

I have never had any great love for the "average-monger," meaning, of course, the batsman, for the bowler who is playing for his average may be rendering the best of service to his side, whereas the batsman who plays solely for his average stands in the way of a definite finish, and so robs his side of a possible victory. Still, I cannot withhold a word of praise from John Tyldesley, the famous little Lancastrian, who has so far played in 19 innings, made 741 runs, has scored the only double century of the season (209), and has an average of 41·16—very high for such a season as has hitherto favoured (?) us.

In the bowling, Blythe, the Kent left-hander, holds pride of place. Up to last Saturday he had taken 63 wickets at a cost of 8·55, and Hallam, who has taken three wickets more, has averaged 9·34. At present the nearest to gaining the distinction of obtaining a hundred wickets is Tarrant, who has taken 94, at a cost of just under fourteen runs each.

Comparing the form of the Universities, one can only come to the conclusion that Cambridge have the better all-round side; and their leader, M. W. Payne, is a host in himself. The Surrey bowlers had a sorry time at his hands on Monday, when he hit up 92 runs in fifty minutes! It may be remembered that he made 64 and 21 against Oxford last year, besides taking six catches behind the wicket and stumping one man—Branston.

MOTORING.

We have at last a "safety-valve" for those who must indulge in excessive speed, for the new motor-racing track at Weybridge was formally opened on Monday. It is a splendidly thought-out course, and one can only hope that motorists will make the venture of the promoters a thorough success. The circuit, inclusive of the finishing straight, which is 1100 yards long—is 3¼ miles, and the banking at the turn is 28 ft. 8 in. high. Several drivers who have tried the course, speak enthusiastically of it.

THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.

Mr. Thos. Glencross's Blink Bonny taking a gate.

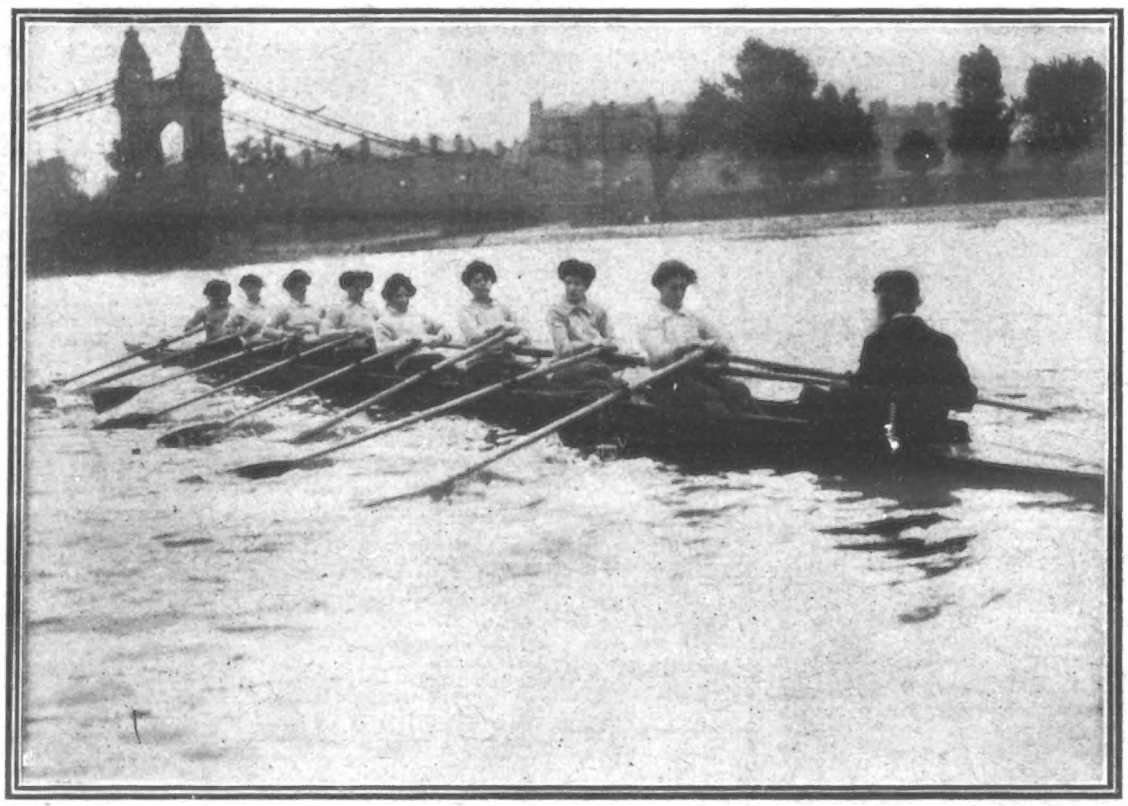
LAWN-TENNIS.

New holders were found for both the gentlemen's and the ladies' championships of Kent at the popular Beckenham tournament. A. W. Gore was fancied for the former event, but the holder met A. F. Wilding at his best, the latter winning by 9—7, 6—2, 3—6, 0—6, 6—1, after a brilliant struggle for supremacy. Miss May Sutton, the young Californian, played far too strong a game for Mrs. Lambert Chambers in the ladies' event, the holder proving to be much below her proper form.

Despite magnificent play by K. Powell, the Cambridge captain, Oxford beat the Light Blues in the Singles at Cambridge last Saturday by five matches to four. As the Oxonians had previously won all nine matches in the Doubles, they were victorious in the competition by fourteen matches to four.

GOLF.

England have forged ahead of Scotland by virtue of their victory at Hoylake, which was gained by eight matches to five last Saturday. The conditions differed from those which obtained in the previous meetings of the two countries, for the players were sixteen a-side instead of twelve, while each



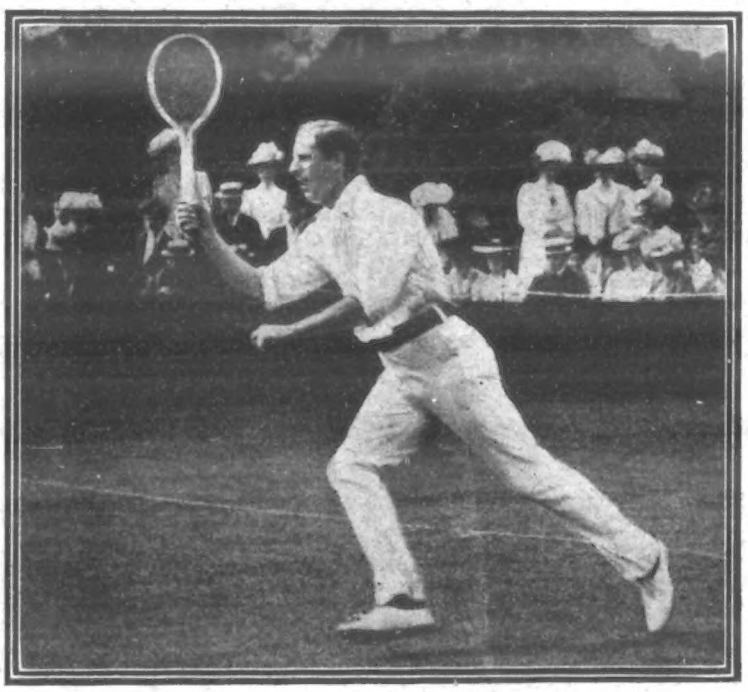
A NOVEL EIGHT SCULLED BY LADIES.

The Furnivall Club can boast of having given river-goers a surprise, for they have had a racing eight adapted for sculling. Every fair member of the crew is an efficient sculler. The boat is coxswained by the founder of the club.

Photo. Topical

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S PRIZE.

Nazzaro, the winner of the trophy, on his Fiat car.



LAWN TENNIS AT BECKENHAM.

Mr. A. F. Wilding, who won the Kent gentlemen's singles championship, playing.

Miss B. Thompson's Law's Dollis, First and Second Prizes.

Mrs. A. H. Parker's Champion St. Bernard, Chrysanthemo, First Prize.

Mrs. N. Willan Dawson's Cocker Spaniel, Veronique, three Firsts and two Seconds.

THE CAMBERWELL DOG SHOW.

match, which counted one point, was over thirty-six holes, instead of there being singles and foursomes. J. Braid, who led the Scotsmen, beat Harry Vardon; the remaining winners for the Thistle being C. R. Smith, T. Watt, P. McEwan, and J. Hepburn; while England's successful players were Tom Vardon, E. Ray, Rowland Jones, G. Pulford, A. H. Toogood, P. J. Gaudin, W. E. Reid, and E. Gray. Prior to last Saturday each country had won once and two matches had been halved.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

There has been a singular slump in athletic and cycling meetings recently. Last Saturday there was no gathering of first-class importance inside the Metropolitan area, and one had to go outside the bounds to find a meeting in which open events played a part. The Great Western Railway A.C. had a very interesting meeting at Castle Bar Park, Ealing, but though strangers were invited, they were all railway servants.

The principal event was the mile inter-railway championship, and it was won by the Railway Clearing House team, the club representing the adjusting body of railway finance supplying the first three men home. These were E. F. Franklin, H. B. Neal, and H. E. Mildred, who finished in the order named, the leader doing 4 min. 55 3-5 sec. The winners of the foregoing event were also successful in the one mile relay race, L. B. and S. C. R. finishing second, and Great Eastern Railway third.

In the half-mile handicap for railway servants and business houses, W. F. Fisher, of the Midland Railway, caught the judge's eye first. A. Ewing, of the Railway Clearing House followed him home; and H. Humphries, of the Metropolitan Railway, was third. The winner had a start of 36 yards, and with that included he "did" 2 min. 7 3-5 sec. Other winners were W. E. Priestly (L. B. and S. C. R.), 100 yards, and W. A. Hastings, five miles scratch cycle race.

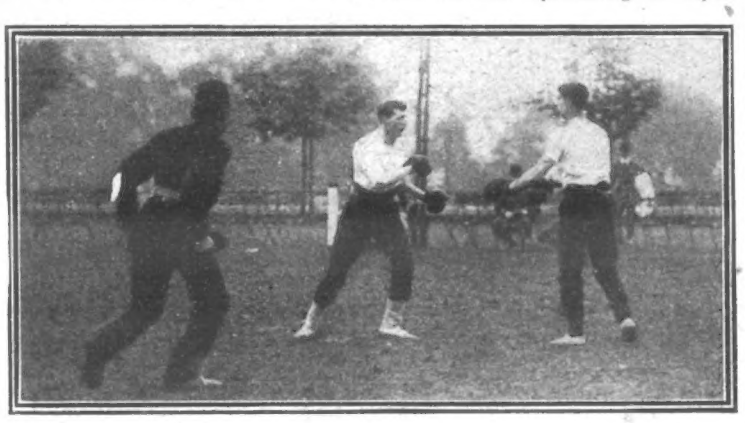
The Metropolitan Water Board held a very successful meeting, confined entirely to their own members, at Stamford Bridge. It was noteworthy from the fact that a father and son both took prizes: the veteran A. J. Fowden, at one time honorary secretary of the South London Harriers, won the 100-yards handicap for the old brigade, and his boy "Reggie" annexed the race for the "mites."

Hill-climbing on cycles is not a new sport, but the competitions are not many. Nearly thirty-eight years have passed since that particular form of sport was instituted, the first event taking place at Studley Royal, in Yorkshire. Since that time there has been a number of competitions of the nature under notice, and only last Saturday the Catford Cycling Club decided one at Westerham. Fifty competed out of an entry of 65, and the first man to reach the top was E. H. Grimsdell, but he had to play second fiddle to G. Baldwin in the handicap, the latter's start of 120 sec. against 45 sec. getting him the first prize.

In the open events there were some capital performances. The winner of the mile had been under-estimated by the handicapper, for, with 122 yards start, E. C. Cramp covered the distance in 4 min. 15 3-5 sec. This completely put all the back-markers out of it, and somewhat spoilt the race. The Polytechnic Harrier, O. Groenings, owing 17 yards, won the hurdles in 18 sec., and the high-jump with a leap of 5 ft. 6¾ in. K. Hellstrom did very well, as he won the quarter, and was mainly instrumental in the L.A.C. securing the mile invitation relay race

The London Hospital students have been very much to the fore in athletic matters of recent years. At their sports at Hale End, they fully maintained the average, W. J. Gibson, the well-known Rugby three-quarter back of the hospital, accounting for the long jump with a splendid leap of 22 ft. 1½ in. In this event the jumping was rather out of the common all round. Gibson was also second in the high jump, the event falling to E. E. Paget-Tomlinson, the old Cambridge "Blue." Another Light Blue, in the person of R. McC. Linnell, won the mile handicap from scratch, and he was also successful in the four-furlongs. J. B. Robinson was first past the post in the hurdles, and A. Abrahams, of "Bart's," was the winner of the 440 yards invitation scratch race.

Yet more championships. J. D. Dickson won the all-round championship of Edinburgh University. He secured the 220 yards and quarter of a mile, as well as doing well in other events, and H. H. Fleetwood, of the Salford Harriers, annexed the 440 yards championship of the north in 53 2-5 sec. at the Nelson Cricket Club Sports. In the professional world A. E. Wills once more distinguished himself by beating the motor-paced standing-start record at a mile, formerly held by A. A. Chase, by doing 1 min. 35 1-5 sec., or 2 4-5 sec. faster than the old figures.



MILITARY SPORTS AT RANELAGH.

The sports were relieved by a comedy act, which at first the spectators believed to be serious. Two of the soldiers were sparring with gloves, and a policeman rushed forward to interfere. When, however-

TENNIS AT BECKENHAM: MISS MAY SUTTON, THE YOUNG AMERICAN PLAYER WHO WON THE LADIES' SINGLES.

MILITARY SPORTS AT RANELAGH.

—the policeman was treated in the manner shown above, his official garments being dragged off, the laughter of the spectators showed that they realised the state of affairs.

THE INTER-HOSPITAL SPORTS.

E. E. Paget-Tomlinson, winner of the High Jump and 120 yards Hurdle Race.

Photos. Topical.

THE INTER-HOSPITAL SPORTS.

R. Rankin, winner of the Hammer-Throwing Competition.

MR. RICHARD BELL, M.P.,

Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

WILL THERE BE A RAILWAY STRIKE?

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. RICHARD BELL, M.P.

WITHIN a few days one of the most important meetings ever called by a Union—important from the fact that its decision may affect all who travel by our railways—will be held to consider what steps the railway workers of this country shall take in their efforts to secure certain reforms which they demand. The meeting will be composed of 573 delegates, chosen by the members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. They will represent the railway workers of England and Wales.

"I am afraid, particularly among the travelling public, much misconception exists as to what the railwaymen of this country are agitating for," said Mr. Richard Bell, the General Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, to the *P.I.P.* "The grievances of railway workers are so numerous and varied that last November this society called a special conference, in which all grades of railwaymen were represented, and a programme of much-needed reforms was drawn up, and our object now is to work away until we obtain these reforms.

"Briefly, the programme deals with the question of hours, rest, overtime, Sunday duty, guaranteed week, wages, the question of one man in motor-cabs, and the need of inducing the railway companies to recognise this society as the accredited representative of the workers.

"We are aiming at an eight hours' day for drivers, firemen, guards, shunters, and signalmen, motor-men, conductors, and gate-men on electric railways, and ten hours for all other classes of railwaymen, excepting platelayers. Sunday duty, we consider, should be paid at a higher rate than that received on ordinary week-days. The two points that appear likely to cause friction are the demand for an increase of two shillings per week to all grades of railwaymen who do not receive the eight hours' day, and the recognition of this society as the men's accredited representatives for conducting negotiations and settling all disputes."

Asked what he thought the result of the conference would be, Mr. Bell shook his head, and said he could not tell. "But I can tell you this," he added, "the men are very firm and are determined that the railway companies must recognise their union and treat with us. Then one must not forget this point—should a railway strike occur more than one-third of the men that would be affected are members of this society. It is hardly right to say there are 580,000 railway-workers employed in the Kingdom and only 85,000 of them belong to the union. The greater majority of them are clerks, and have no more to do with the actual working of the railways than the man in the street.

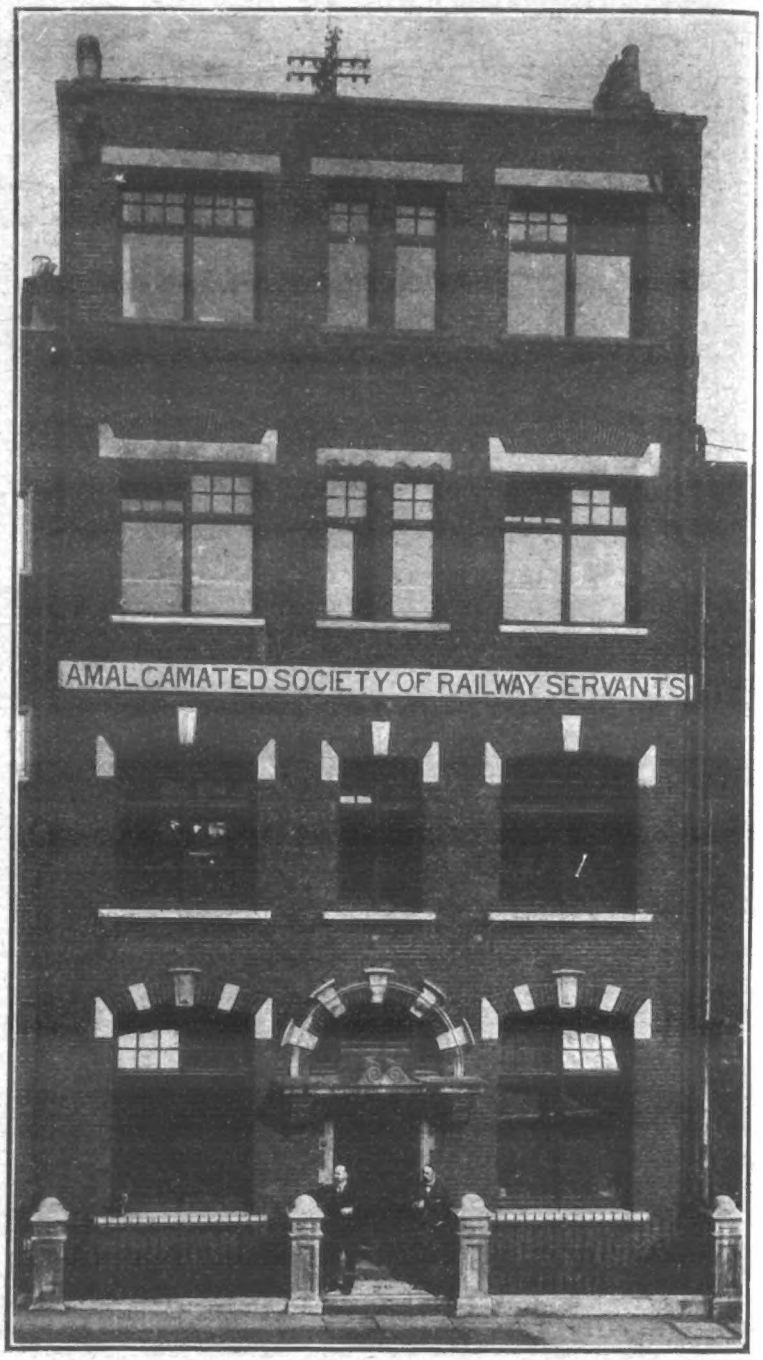
"You may be surprised to learn this fact that, speaking generally, there have been no rises in the railway world for twenty years—that is to say, the men get the same salaries now for similar work performed twenty years. We do not consider this fair or just for many reasons. The railway-worker has much greater responsibility to-day than he had twenty years ago. The locomotives are much bigger, they draw heavier loads, and the volume of traffic on the line has increased enormously. All grades of workers have much more to do, and seeing that skilled labour in almost every other branch of industry is paid better to-day than it was twenty years ago, railway men consider it is time they received better pay."

From Mr. Bell *P.I.P.* learned many interesting facts about the organisation of which he is the controlling spirit. The A.S.R.S. was founded thirty-five years ago. To-day it boasts of 640 branches, 573 in England and Wales, the remainder being in Scotland and Ireland. It is a representative from each of the English and Welsh branches that will meet at the coming Conference to decide the next step to take to secure the reforms which they consider ought to be introduced without delay.

The total membership of the society to-day is 85,000. Last year it received as subscriptions from its members, under various headings, no less than £60,000. But it paid them back, either as sick pay or in death allowances, some £17,000, while another £9624 was distributed to orphans. The total funds of the organisation to-day amount to £362,732 odd, truly no mean figure.

The society takes up all questions of grievances a member may have with his employers, gives its members legal advice, as well as sick and out-of-work pay, makes grants in cases of disablement, and looks after the widows and children of those men who have been unfortunate enough to lose their lives while on duty. It does not hesitate to employ the best counsel to defend its members, should the necessity arise of taking a case to law. It spent over £1000 in defending Gourlay, the driver of the train that met with disaster at Arbroath a few months ago. Although it did not succeed in getting Gourlay off, it has, nevertheless, successfully defended five engine-drivers on charges of manslaughter.

Should a member get injured or killed while on duty the society at once takes up the matter. Last year they secured compensation in the case of fifty-seven fatal accidents, in some instances obtaining for the widows a small weekly sum for life, or compensation in the way of a lump sum. The latter varied from £20 to as much as £300. The widow of the guard who was killed in the Salisbury disaster received through the efforts of the society £265. Then compensation was obtained in the case of 338 non-fatal accidents. Indeed, during the last six years the society has recovered from the big railway companies no less than £86,000 odd as compensation for its members or their heirs. In the same period it has fought 212 legal cases and won 158—these, of course, being apart from compensation cases. It has taken ten cases to the Court of Appeal, and three to the House of Lords.



THE RAILWAYMEN'S HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT,

Where the great question as to whether there shall be a strike or not will be shortly decided.

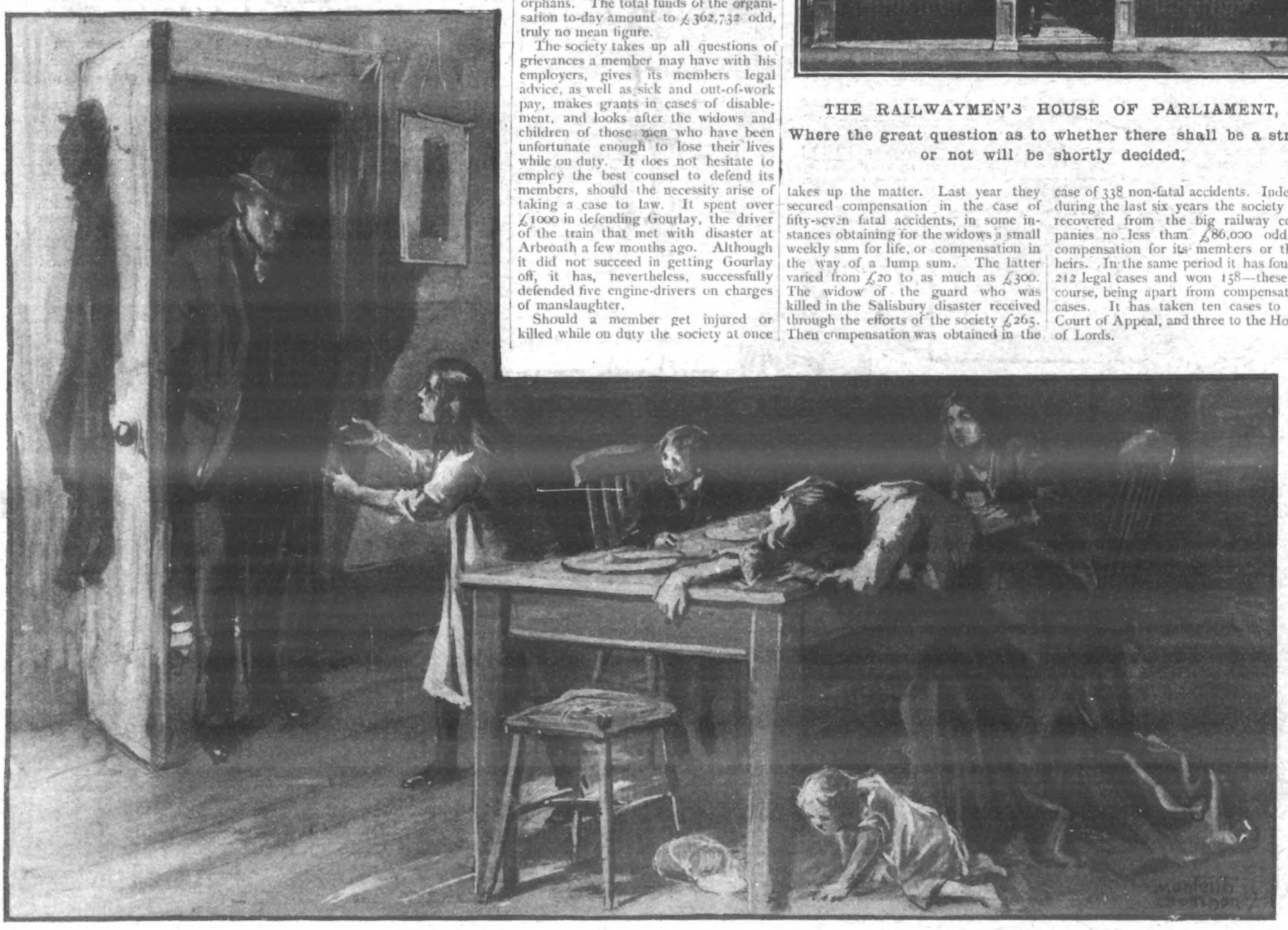
THE ERITH STRIKE.

PICKETS are posted at various points around the works of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim's gun-factory at Erith. All day long they keep a sharp look-out for the "blacklegs."

Interviewed last Monday Mr. Conradi, the works superintendent—the gentleman who above all others has incurred the hatred of the strikers on account of the attitude he took regarding the premium bonus system—said: "You may take it from me that we will find employment at these works for as many as care to apply for it; and when they come, we will find them protection and accommodation. We have already employed several new hands, and we can accommodate, not 400 workmen, but 4000 if necessary."

Mr. Conradi contradicted a report that his house had been boarded up, and his valuables removed for safety, observing that he had sent his wife and family out of the neighbourhood.

It is stated that the sequel to the strike will be the closing down of the Erith works and the removal of the plant to somewhere in the provinces, where new buildings will be erected.



"MEN MUST WORK, AND WOMEN MUST WEEP"—AND THE CHILDREN MUST SUFFER.

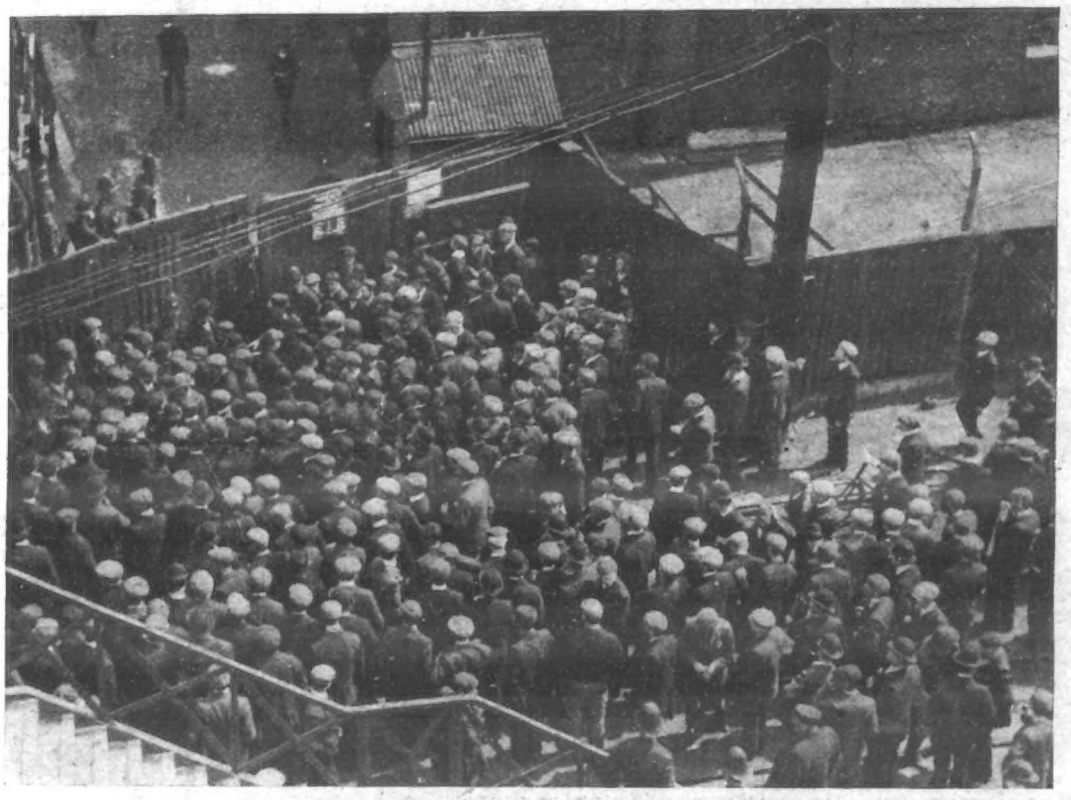
THE GREAT STRIKE AT ERITH: 2000 UNEMPLOYED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P.I.P. AND PARK.

THE CONTINGENT OF POLICE IN THE WORKS OF T E VICKERS-MAXIM COMPANY.

THE LAST OF THE STRIKERS TO BE PAID OFF.

AN INN PICKETED BY THE STRIKERS, BECAUSE "BLACK-LEGS" WERE SERVED THERE.



A CROWD OF STRIKERS SURGING ROUND THE GATE OF THE WORKS.

BEDDING FOR "BLACK-LEGS."

A TYPICAL GROUP OF THE WORKERS ON STRIKE.

THE BRIDGE OF PLANKS JOINING TWO PARTS OF THE WORKS, ERECTED SO THAT "BLACK-LEGS" NEED NOT PASS THROUGH THE CROWD

HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

THE DECORATIONS OF THEATRE BOXES ARE NOT ALWAYS APROPOS!

Drawn by Charles Harrison.

Observant.

Mr. Meane: "I have nothing but praise for the new minister."

Mr. Goode: "So I noticed when the plate came around."

As it Worked.

A young married member of the Stock Exchange recently proved that generosity is not always so desirable a virtue as most of us think.

His wife had engaged a Norwegian girl as cook, and very successfully she did her work. The master often told his wife that they must "do something for the girl—she deserved it." At last he saw a good opportunity.

"Kate," he said to her one morning after breakfast, "if you have any money saved, and will trust me with it, I'll double it for you to-day."

Kate gladly entrusted her savings—about £50—to her master, and that night he handed her back £100, with a pleased "There you are, Kate!"

A few weeks later, he repeated the act.

Not long afterwards, Kate said to her mistress she was sorry, because they had been so good to her, but it was impossible to stay with them longer. She had come to give notice.

When questioned, she explained that she was going back to Norway to live on her savings. "Two hundred pounds is much money in my country," she said simply.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Not Eligible.

"This," said the shopman, "is a most wonderful hair-renewer. It is our own preparation."

"Well, give me a bottle," said the bald-headed man. "But, I say, come to think of it, why don't you use it? You're pretty bald yourself."

"I can't use it. You see, I'm the 'Before Using' example. The 'After Using' example is out at lunch. You should see him."—*Penny Magazine.*

Soap that Didn't Lather.

A farmer went into a restaurant in Liverpool for some bread and cheese.

"What kind would you like, Sir?" inquired the waiter. "Cheshire, Yorkshire, or Gorgonzola?"

"Fancy name, that last," said the farmer. "I think I'll try a bit of that."

He thought it so tasty that he took a pound home to his wife and left it on the sideboard in the kitchen. Next morning he came in from his before-breakfast round and inquired if she had found the parcel.

"Oh, yes," replied she. "I saw it there all right. And very good mottled soap it is, no doubt, when you know how to use it. But I couldn't make it lather very well when I washed the children, and after I'd done they smelled so strong that I've turned 'em out for a breath of fresh air, just to sweeten 'em a bit before they go to school."

Wanted the Winner.

A popular comedian, while in America, gave a dinner to some friends one evening.

Broiled lobster was on the menu, and one was brought in minus a claw. Calling the waiter, the comedian said—

"What do you mean by serving me with an imperfect lobster?"

"Excuse me, Sah, but I didn't think you'd mind a little thing like dat, Sah. These lobsters got to fighting in the basket, and this one lost his claw," said the waiter.

"Take this lobster out immediately," replied the comedian, "and bring me the winner."

Precisely.

It was a bright sunny day, and the florist's window, full of gaily hued flowers, looked unusually tempting.

Presently a lady with a firm expression entered the shop. She selected a brilliant-looking plant, in a fancy flower-pot, and, having ascertained the price, and announced that she would take it, inquired if it would do well in the sun.

"Certainly, Miss," said the shop assistant, a meek young man, who quailed beneath her glance.

"Don't say it will if it won't," she remarked sharply. "Now, if it grows well in the sun, will the shade hurt it?"

"Not in the least," was the reply.

"Ah," she said, with a tightening of the lips; "here is a plant that is declared to do equally well in shade or sun, which, to say the least, is neither natural nor probable. Perhaps you will call somebody who is more of an authority on botany than yourself."

The young man retired to call his employer, a courteous old gentleman.

"Your assistant," said the lady, addressing him, "informs me that this plant does equally well in shade or sun."

"Well, Madam, I think he is right."

"Really, a most accommodating plant!" said the lady scornfully. "My good Sir, it isn't natural."

"Precisely, Madam; you see, it's an artificial plant."

And then the lady paid for her purchase.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Quite the Opposite.

Jenkins: "Bad cold you have, Thompson. How did you contract it?"

Thompson: "I didn't contract it. It was only a little one, and I expanded it."

Relieved.

Gerald: "Well, I finally summed up courage to speak to her father last night. I tell you, it was a great relief."

Joe: "Well what did you say?"

"Oh, you misunderstand me. He wasn't in."

Good at Listening.

Customer: "I want some kind of a door-spring—one that won't get out of order."

Hardware Dealer: "A door-spring?"

Customer: "Yes, and one that won't require the strength of an elephant to open."

Dealer: "Hem!"

Customer: "And yet it must be strong enough to bring the door all the way to and not leave it swinging open a couple of inches."

Dealer: "I see."

Customer: "And when the door closes I don't want it to ram shut like a catapult, with a crash that shakes the house from its foundations."

Dealer: "Yes; you want one that will bring the door all the way to, and yet do it gently."

Customer: "That's the idea. But I don't want any complicated arrangement that requires a skilled mechanic to attend to it."

Dealer: "No, of course not; you want something simple, yet strong and effective."

Customer: "That's the thing; something that can be put on or taken off easily; something that will do its work quietly yet thoroughly, and won't be eternally getting out of order."

Dealer: "I see. I know exactly what you want, Sir, just exactly."

Customer: "Well, show me one."

Dealer: "We don't keep door-springs."

His Way of Popping it.

"Miss de Smythe," began the young man, "I want to ask you a hypothetical question."

The girl nodded assent.

"If a young man of good family and sound health, and an assured income of £1000 a year, were to meet the most charming of girls and feed her on ice cream for twelve months; if she had a complexion like a rose, hair a crown of golden glory, the hand of a fairy, the bearing of a queen; if she knew how not to play the piano, how to induce her small brother to absent himself, was versed in cooking, competent to superintend a home; and if the young man, auspiciously catching the girl alone, were to murmur into her ear of pearl, 'Will you marry me?' what, in your estimation, would be her condition of mind and what her answer?"

"While not pretending to be an expert in these highly scientific subjects," responded the girl coyly, "I think she'd believe him a chump for being so slow, but she'd say 'Yes.'"

With the preliminaries thus settled, the naming of the day was a simple matter.—*Tit-Bits.*

He Won His Case.

An Irishman had to go to law, and in consultation with his counsel he was told that he had a good fighting chance. Paddy, who was anxious to win the case, was meditative for a moment, and then he said: "Do you think it would be any good to send the judge a pair of ducks?"

"No, no; you mustn't do that," said his lawyer. "If you send him a pair of ducks he will be sure to decide the case against you."

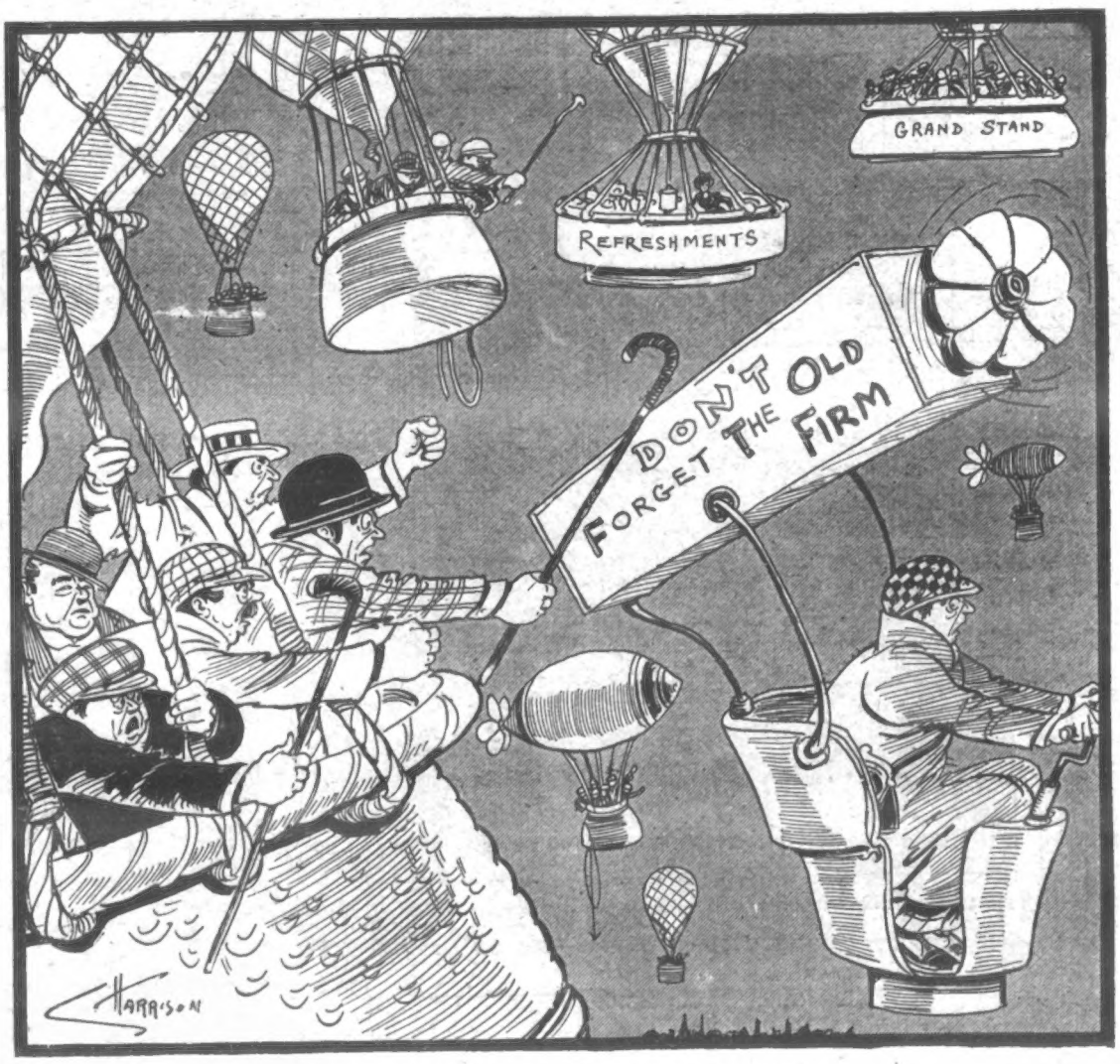
A day or so later the case was heard, and Paddy won with flying colours. In the course of the congratulations Paddy remarked—

"It was just as well I sent the judge them ducks."

"What!" exclaimed counsel. "Did you send the ducks?"

"Yes," said Paddy, quite pleased with himself; "but after what you said I sent them from the man on the other side."—*London Opinion*

CHASING A WELSHER.



A RACE-COURSE SCENE IN THE FUTURE.

Drawn by Charles Harrison.

A BUDDING JUGGLER.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

MRS. Langtry (Lady de Bathe) is back in London, having accomplished a most successful tour in the principal cities of the United States. She has been appearing in "vaudeville" in a little "tabloid" drama called "Twixt the Nightfall and the Light." Mrs. Langtry claims to have invented the term "tabloid" as applied to a drama which is not merely a "sketch," but a full play in brief. Mrs. Langtry has a note on "vaudeville." "It in no way corresponds," she says, "to our variety theatre. In America there is no smoking or drinking in a vaudeville house. It is a purely family resort, and is exactly like a 'legitimate' house, only that instead of long plays you have short ones. No, I shouldn't care to appear in London variety theatres." About Christmas (says the *Daily Express*) Mrs. Langtry becomes Mr. David Belasco's "star," and will appear in a new four-act play by Mr. Graham Hill, the author of "Guinevere," a blank-verse play, in which she will have a very strong part. Mr. Belasco thinks that Mrs. Langtry's forte lies on the tragic side of her talent, and this is the kind of parts which will be written for her under his régime.

"The Lily of Jersey."

A splendid entertainment is being presented at St. George's Hall. Joad Heteb, the Egyptian necromancer, produces two clever new illusions, the titles of which, translated into English, are "Word Making" and "The Fairy Fan." Mr. Percy French introduces "My Great Panorama," a burlesque lecture on geography, with illustrations. Mr. Barclay Gammon sings "The Anthem of the Suffragette," "What Isn't in a Name," and then makes a few amusing observations about latter-day songs, and gives an illustration entitled "Thy Nose: the Story of a Thirsting Soul." The entertainment, unique of its kind, is well worth seeing.

Novelties at St. George's Hall.

On Monday last the Alhambra programme underwent an almost complete revisal. Returning from a triumphant season at La Scala to resume the important rôle of prima ballerina assoluta at this house, Signorina Maria Bordin takes the character of the temptress in the enormously successful grand ballet, "Queen of Spades," with a fresh and highly interesting individuality, the scrupulous technique of the Milanese school being in the strongest possible contrast to the particular genre of Mlle. Alexia. The classical "L'Amour" is displaced by an electric ballet of great novelty and beauty. The return to this theatre of Agnes and Julius Zancig ("Two minds with but a single thought") is in itself an event of the highest importance, and their ingenuous,' and therefore superlatively forceful demonstrations of mental telepathy, which have already set all England ringing with their fame, are resumed in their entirety. Newcomers include the Yiulians family, in an astonishing Risley act; the Rakoczy Sextette of Hungarian

At the Alhambra.

SHEKLA, THE MARVELLOUS INDIAN MAGICIAN,

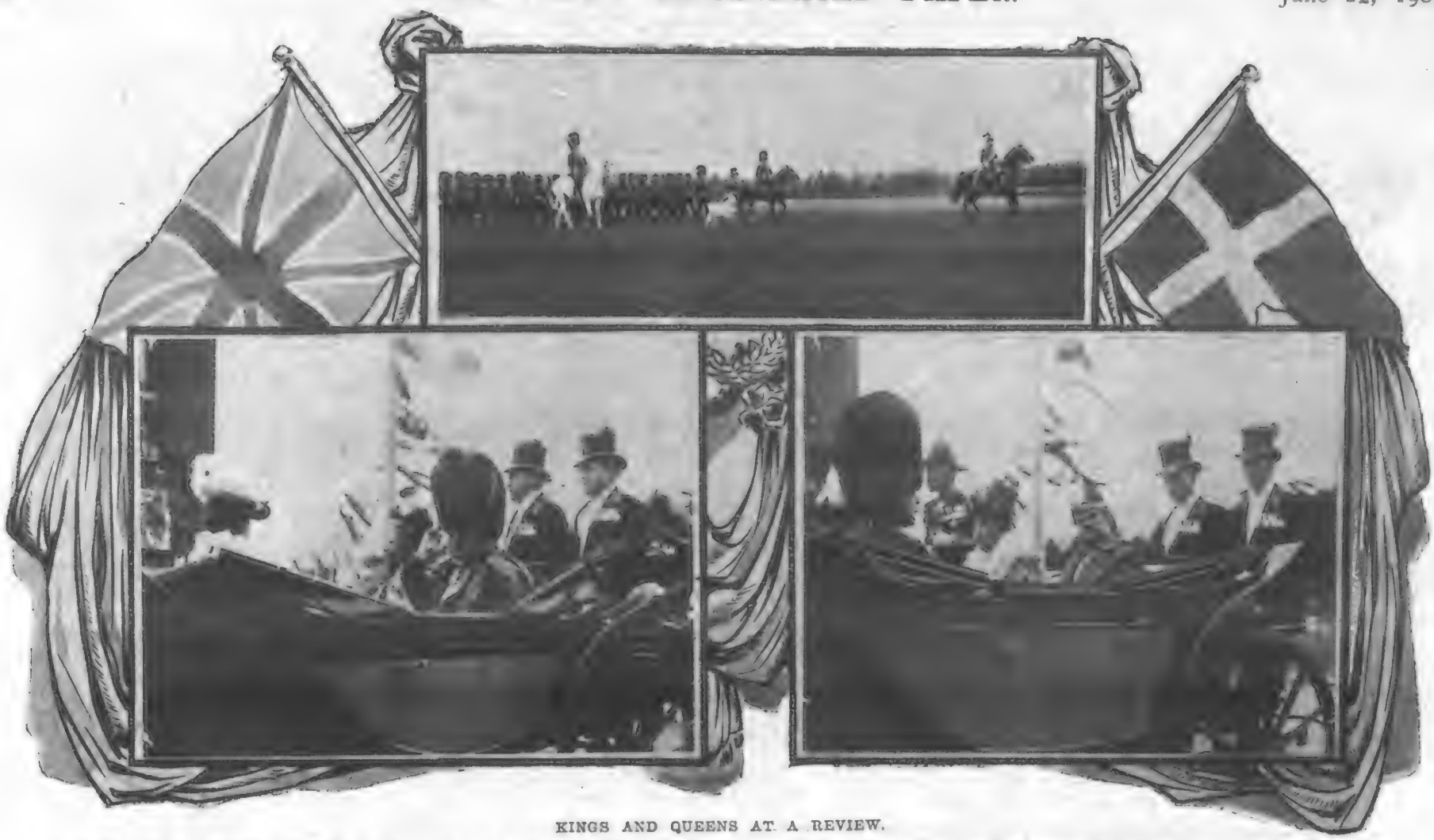
who, with his wife and son, is appearing at the Salle Erard in a wonderful juggling performance.

SHEKLA THE JUGGLER.

Lady de Grey. His work is of the distinctively Indian type. He performs all the tricks traditionally associated with the Oriental juggler, but in an extreme degree of excellence. He defies all competitors, for instance, in respect of the Mango trick. He is equally expert with the basket trick, wherein he utilises his wife, a woman of heroic proportions. He produces rice in profusion from space; he tears his turban into fragments, and instantly restores it; he causes birds to appear within his closed fist, and to disappear; he breaks up a coin and multiplies it infinitely; he produces innumerable birds and rabbits from apparently empty baskets; he causes water to flow from an empty shell; he makes a toy duck dive at his command. But his most remarkable performance is the employment of his wife as the Human Stove.

A new recruit to the West End stage made his appearance last Tuesday at the St. James's Theatre, when, in the absence of Mr. George Alexander, the part of John Glayde was played by Mr. Ernest Young. Mr. Young gave an exceedingly forceful rendering of the part, and should do well in it in the provinces should he ever be called upon to play it.

A New John Glayde.



KINGS AND QUEENS AT A REVIEW.

The review held at Aldershot last week in honour of the King and Queen of Denmark was a particularly brilliant one, and passed off without a hitch. Our photographs show the Prince of Wales leading his regiment, the Welsh Fusiliers, past King Edward and the Queen of Denmark in one carriage, and Queen Alexandra and her brother (the King of Denmark) in another.

THE KING'S ADVICE TO A BOY.

THE King visited Wellington College on Monday and opened a new hall, and also unveiled a memorial-tablet to old Wellingtonians who fell in the South African war.

At the opening ceremony H. Brougham was first called up to receive the King's gold medal for all-round good qualities.

The King paused for the medal to be handed to him for presentation, and as it was not forthcoming he turned to Sir Dighton Probyn, who shook his head and intimated that the medal was not in his possession. As no one on the platform had the decoration, the King relieved the tension by advancing a step towards the boy and smilingly gripping him by the hand.

"I am very pleased," his Majesty said to the boy. "It is a great satisfaction to me to find that you possess such qualifications as justly entitle you to a medal, which will be coming later."

Brougham, loudly cheered by the other scholars, then retired, but was asked to step forward a second time to receive the racquet cup won in the public schools competition.

The King, who still appeared greatly amused, then handed the cup to the boy with the words—

"I hope you will drink nothing out of it too strong."

THE STATUE OF THE DUKE OF C

Last Saturday the King unveiled a
Owing to the

THOUSANDS GIVEN TO BEGGARS.

A REMARKABLE statement was made at the annual meeting of the London Mendicity Society this week.

Referring to the work of the society during the past year, the board of management in its report said—

"It is probably no exaggeration to say that well over £100,000 is given haphazard to beggars in the streets of London, and it is probable that the average beggar earns more than the average working man."

With regard to Police Court work, the report stated that the number of cases attended during last year by the mendicity constables, and dealt with from their own personal knowledge and the society's records, was 1939.

The society was in possession of 79,320 records of street-beggars. The three mendicity constables gave evidence in 82 per cent. of the cases they attended at the various Metropolitan Police Courts.

Hence, but for the society's
82 per cent. of

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL SIR ARTHUR ELLIS EQUERRY TO THE KING.

Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis, who died suddenly during the gala performance at the Royal Opera last week, was buried at Englefield Green. Prince Christian was among the group of mourners, which included representatives of the King and other members of the Royal Family.

THE GUERIN DRAMA: THE MAN FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND

The chequered career of Edward Guerin, the fugitive from Devil's Island, who only on Friday escaped extradition to France by the Divisional Court holding that he was a British subject, and therefore exempted from the operations of our extradition treaty with France, has been marked by another startling incident. After little more than twenty-four hours of freedom he was shot at in the street. He now lies in the Royal Free Hospital with a bullet wound in his foot. About midnight on Saturday Guerin was returning to his apartments in Kenton Street, Bloomsbury, and had entered Bernard Street, near the Russell Square Tube station, when a hansom drove up behind him. In the cab were the two people under arrest, who gave their names as May Churchill ("Chicago May") and Charles Smith. The cab had passed Guerin, when it suddenly pulled up, and Smith jumped out and began firing with a revolver at Guerin; but out of the four shots only one hit him. This entered his foot. There was a policeman close by, who dashed at Smith. He turned and ran up Kenton Street, firing still at his pursuers. Eventually he was stopped in Kenton Street by a postman named Luscombe, who resides there, and handed over to the police. They were remanded until next week. Guerin is now making good progress. Above are sketches in Court, and inset is a photograph of Guerin.

The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

LIKE the indispensable blouse the bolero is appearing in a hundred different styles—at the moment, in silk, in cloth, and even velvet, while later on boleros of lace with long points like a fichu will be seen on some of the smartest women. Surely never were so many small checks and stripes worn, and the latest variation of the stripe, which has a shaded effect, is more than ever charming. One of the newest modes of trimming for tailor-made costumes in striped materials is to arrange the stripes in different ways, and this is most effective worn with a smart waistcoat and cuffs of some contrasting colour. If this idea is carried out in black and white or shaded grey and white, with a rose-pink or grass-green vest and hat to correspond, a serviceable toilette is achieved, while it is also dainty enough for most occasions.

Shaded Stripes.

Bizarre and outstanding effects continue to be the leading features of the millinery of the hour, though, of course, amid so much variety every taste can be met. Some smart little models in the new shot rice-straw, simply trimmed with two shades of ribbon, are neat and yet most effective. The "Dolly Varden" and the "Romney" are two of the newest shapes. Both styles require piquancy or a certain kind of picturesque beauty to wear them to advantage, yet during the next few months they will probably be seen upon the most incongruous and unsuitable wearers, as well on those they truly become. One of the most essential things for a woman who wishes to look attractive and well-dressed is the same as that demanded of anyone who is desirous of social success—namely, a sense of the fitness of things translated into a knowledge of what she can and cannot wear—not only in style, but equally in colour and material, and having found this out, to remain faithful to the discovery, with judicious modifications calculated to keep in touch with, if not wholly follow, the vagaries of fashion.

The Vagaries of Fashion.

A very novel hat is one with the crown and part of the brim composed of lace and lawn embroidery in conjunction with fine crinoline. Tucked net and silk crowns are also worn. The tam-o'-shanter crown which is now conspicuous offers good scope for the introduction of ring net and smart fancy materials, chiné silk and floral muslin playing an important part. A smart hat and useful withal was one of dark green rough straw trimmed with clusters of crab-apples, green leaves, and plumes of green wheat-ears. Millinery is so lavishly trimmed this season that no one will be surprised to hear that this hat was completed by bows of bronze-green silk ribbon shot with yellow.

Variety in Millinery.

It is really remarkable how few people have the knack of arranging rooms artistically in a fashion suited to their requirements, and yet to avoid an uncomfortable and overcrowded appearance. The effect of the room is better if the furniture is grouped, rather than scattered, and a room rather bare of furniture may be given a better furnished appearance if the various articles are pulled towards the centre of the room, rather than placed close to the walls. Try this scheme of arrangement next time you want a little furniture to go a long way, and you will be pleased and astonished at the result. Tall narrow mirrors are an improvement in a small, square room, and a picturesque touch is added if a flower-stand, containing some hardy ferns or palms, is stood underneath. A mirror of this shape let in to one corner of the room looks well surmounted by a narrow shelf or bracket of painted white wood, which shelf may be further ornamented by a few artistic china plates or vases. In the summer-time a large, square sheet of mirror may be stood in the fireplace to hide the grate, and if the inside of the fender is filled up with plants and ferns, a charming effect is obtained. China bowls, if sufficiently large, stood in the fireplace and filled with important-looking flowers, also look exceedingly pretty with a mirror in the background. A number of people in the summer like to give the chimney-corner quite the appearance of a miniature conservatory. I have seen a mantelpiece, from which all the usual ornaments were removed, fitted out most artistically with a window-box filled with growing plants. Of course, this is only suitable for mid-summer, when a fire is not likely to be required; but it is a charming idea for a party at other seasons, and one which is quite simple to carry out.

How to Arrange your Furniture.

Biscuits, snortbreads, and all kinds of cakes that require to be kept crisp should always be left in a tin with the lid down; but soft, rich cakes which get dry and stale quickly are far better if kept in an earthenware pan with a cover similar to a bread-jar.

Housekeeping Hint.

Dados of plaster of Paris, which get so fearfully dusty and dirty, can be effectually cleaned if, after being well dusted, a coating of good white cold-water starch is applied. This should be left on to dry thoroughly, and then brushed off with a clean, fairly hard brush, and the dado will be found quite fresh and almost like new. In cleaning wall-paper dough and stale bread are successful, and window-blinds may also be cleaned in the same way.

To Clean Plaster of Paris.

Borax is one of the most useful things to keep in the house. As almost everyone knows, it is an excellent means of softening water for domestic or toilet use, and also for laundry purposes. It should, however, not be used for softening cooking or drinking water. For the toilet, a small quantity may be placed in the ewer over night, and the water will be found delightfully soft next morning. As borax has a whitening effect, its use will prove very beneficial to dark or sallow complexions. When used in conjunction with soap for laundry purposes, the correct proportion is a handful of borax to nine or ten gallons of water. Many housewives prefer it to soda, as it has less effect upon coloured fabrics.

The Utility of Borax.

A CHARMING DRESS FOR EARLY SUMMER WEAR.

LADIES ON THE LAWN AT ASCOT.

Photo. Nicholls.

At no place are so many charming costumes seen as on the lawn at Ascot during the famous race meeting. Royalty and all fashionable London are present, and it is one of the smartest social functions of the year.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

My Garden Plans.

JUNE 22 TO 28.—I can hardly remember a more backward season. Everything in the garden seems spindly and leggy for want of sun, and there is a marked absence of the colour one usually expects at this time in June. Still, to be philosophic is one of the essentials in a gardening character, and to keep pegging away is the great saving clause. I must admit that I have little cause for complaint with strawberries, and an excellent crop is promised. This week I shall be netting the beds, and this task is not so very formidable if tackled in the right way. The netting is usually sold in long narrow lengths, and these should be stretched across the beds, supported some inches above the plants at the necessary points by curved sticks driven into the ground. In the event of dry weather at ripening time, it is a good plan to stand dishes of water round the strawberry-beds as a deterrent to the birds. Many say that birds eat the berries mainly for moisture. Other work in the kitchen-garden this week is the "topping" of broad-beans, which the black blight is already attacking. The tops should be pinched off and destroyed, by fire if possible. I see that my box-edgings need trimming and shall do this work in a few days, and I am sowing absolutely the final row of garden-peas and some lettuce and turnip-seed. Hoeing-up potatoes and all the stock kitchen-garden tasks are proceeding apace. In the flower-garden, I am still busily engaged thinning out hardy annuals and replanting the strongest of those I thin. I am thinking of filling an odd corner with an extra-late sowing of sweet peas, owing to the backward season, and the recent winds have brought home the strict necessity of tieing to sticks all tall and tender growths. Dahlia stakes I put in at the same time as the plants, and keep the stems secured from week to week as they grow. Climbing rose-trees are making plenty of wood, and need continual tieing-up, and I maintain the greatest vigilance in destroying green-fly, maggot, and other pests. By the way, now is an excellent opportunity to break up and carefully re-plant large, old-established clumps of primroses and polyanthus. Such, then, are my garden plans for another week.

The Loganberry.

There is no nicer fruit for the amateur to grow than the loganberry, which seems to thrive almost anywhere, and is as easy to cultivate as a nasturtium. The canes may be grown in the open, alongside paths like an espalier or against a wall or fence, and the fruit, which is large and something between blackberry, mulberry, and raspberry, is superb. As with the raspberry, the wood of the loganberry grown this year will be the fruit-bearer next year, and it should be carefully fastened up on a framework of bamboo, or nailed against the fence after the manner of a climbing rose, for it is most accommodating, and can even be utilised to cover a shed or summer-house. The moment the loganberry has finished fruiting cut down the old wood to prevent waste of sap, and be continually fastening up the new wood. Do not tie too tightly, and wear gloves when handling this plant, on account of the needle-like thorny spines. Loganberries want sun, remember, and a good soil, and the plants are easily and cheaply obtainable from any nurseryman.

Ducks in Small Space.

I have often heard of amateurs who declare they have not sufficient space to keep ducks in, and who avoid this useful member of the poultry tribe for this reason, and also because they have no water, or fancy the birds give an unpleasant odour. Personally, I have kept ducks with a satisfactory meed of success in quite a small place, and the absence of water has caused no failure, nor have I observed any objectionable smell. I do not say I have reared birds fit for the show ring under these circumstances, and I have never kept ducks right through the winter months; but I have always had a few birds for table use during the season. My plan is always to buy sittings of eggs and employ the ubiquitous hen to hatch them out: on rare occasions a hen has forsaken her post at the end of three weeks, but I have always been fortunate enough to have another broody bird to press into service for the final week of sitting. For accommodation I have an old shed, dry and warm, with run attached, and after seedlings have grown up I sometimes turn my ducklings loose for a short spell in the kitchen garden, particularly after a shower. Aylesburys are as good ducks as one can keep, and you must bear in mind that they are hearty eaters. Maize and barley may be given when the birds pass the duckling stage, and plenty of green fresh vegetable matter, whilst their barleymeal and similar dishes need to be thinner and wetter than in the case of fowls.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

W. O'BRIEN (Chester).—The leaf you send is that of the lupin. The tall "heads" you describe will burst into flower in a few days. Yes, something like the delphinium.

HENRY STEPHENS.—You will find the Virginian creeper too vigorous for the rose. Cut back the creeper during the summer, and move the rose in the autumn.

W. SKEATS (Wimbledon).—I should say your birds are over-fed. Keep down their allowance of soft foods, and introduce a little broken mortar rubble or "grits" (obtainable from any seed vendor) into the run. Shell-less eggs are not uncommon, but the remedy is a simple one. A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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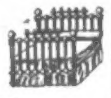

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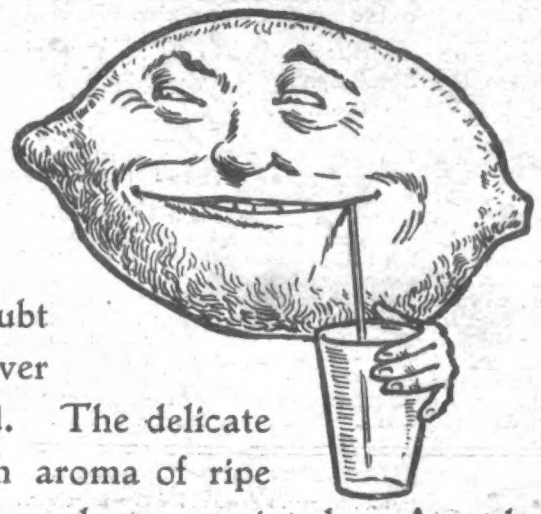
EIFFEL TOWER



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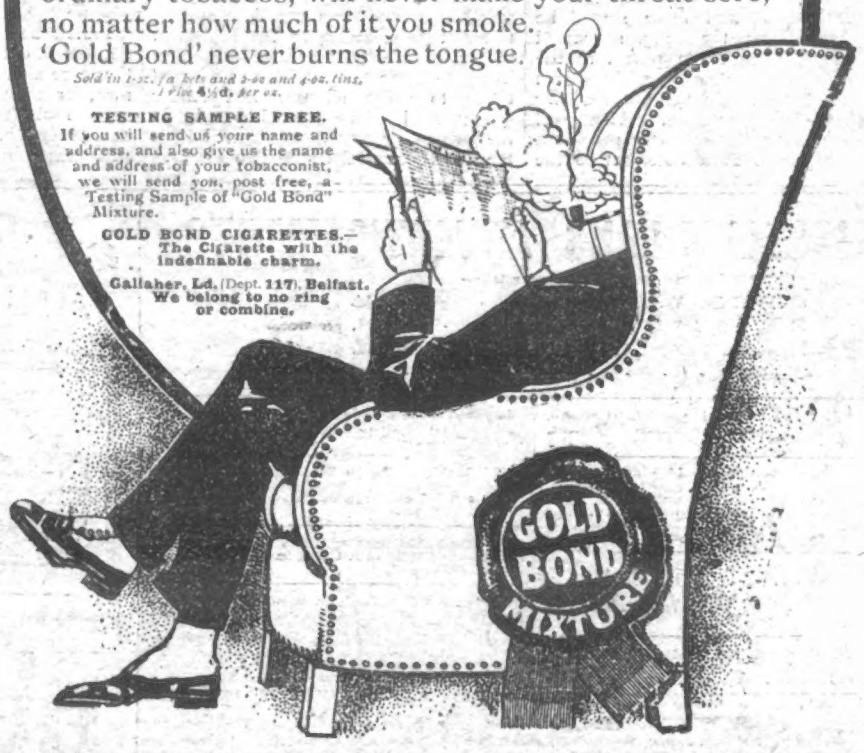

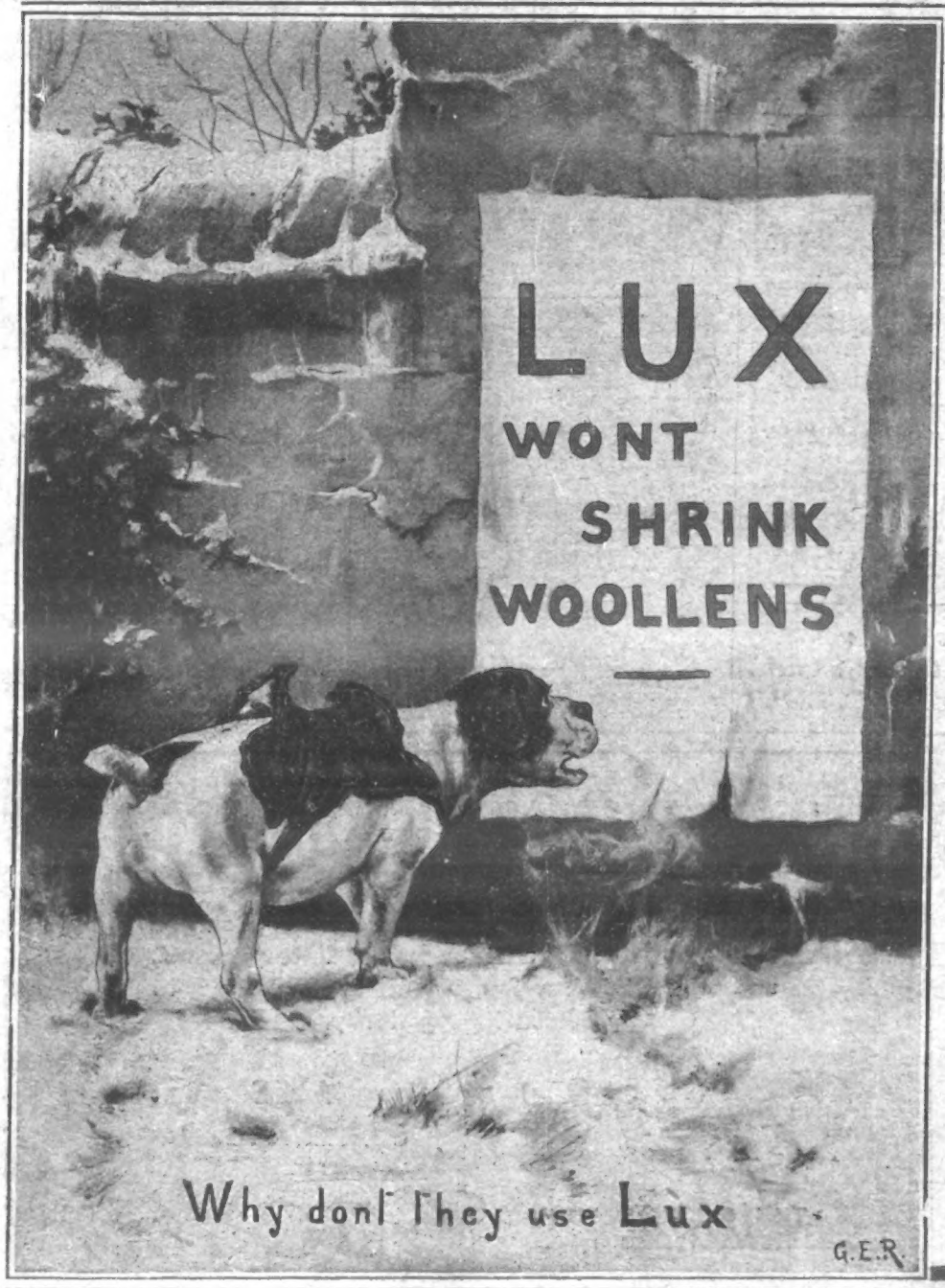

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